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TOPICS OF THE TIME

HISTORICAL STUDIES

EDITED BY

TITUS MUNSON COAN

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CONTENTS

VILLAGE LIFE IN NORFOLK 600 YEARS AGO.	
By the Rev. Dr. AUGUSTUS JESSOPP. <i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	I
SIENA. By SAMUEL JAMES CAPPAR. <i>The Contemporary Review</i>	54
A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By FREDERIC HARRISON. <i>The Nineteenth Century</i>	99
FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN 1793. By OSCAR BROWNING. <i>The Fortnightly Review</i>	141
GENERAL CHANZY. <i>Temple Bar</i>	179

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VILLAGE LIFE IN NORFOLK SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A VILLAGE LECTURE.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

[IN the autumn of 1878, while on a visit at Rougham Hall, Norfolk, the seat of Mr. Charles North, my host drew my attention to some boxes of manuscripts, which he told me nobody knew any thing about, but which I was at liberty to ransack to my heart's content. I at once dived into one of the boxes, and then spent half the night in examining some of its treasures. The chest is one of many, constituting in their entirety a complete apparatus for the history of the parish of Rougham from the time of Henry the Third to the present day—so complete that it would be difficult to find in England a collection of documents to compare with it.

The whole parish contains no more than 2,627 acres, of which about thirty acres were not included in the estate slowly piled up by the Yelvertons, and purchased by Roger North in 1690. Yet the charters and evidences of vari-

ous kinds, which were handed over with this small property dating *before* the sixteenth century, count by thousands. The smaller strips of parchment or vellum—for the most part conveyances of land, and having seals attached—have been roughly bound together in volumes, each containing about one hundred documents, and arranged with some regard to chronology, the undated ones being collected into a volume by themselves. I think it almost certain that the arranging of the early charters in their rude covers was carried out before 1500 A.D., and I have a suspicion that they were grouped together by Sir William Yelverton, “the cursed Norfolk Justice” of the Paston Letters, who inherited the estate from his mother, in the first half of the fifteenth century.

When Roger North purchased the property the ancient evidences were handed over to him as a matter of course; and there are many notes in his handwriting showing that he found the collection in its present condition, and that he had bestowed much attention upon it. Blomefield seems to have been aware of the existence of the Rougham muniments, but I think he never saw them: and for one hundred and fifty years, at least, they had lain forgotten, until they came under my notice. Of this large mass of documents I have copied or abstracted scarcely more than five hundred,

and I have not yet got beyond the year 1355. The court rolls, the bailiff's accounts, and early leases I have hardly looked at.

The following lecture—slight as a village lecture must needs be and ought to be—gives some of the results of my examination of the first series of the Rougham charters. The lecture was delivered in the Public Reading-room of the village of Tittleshall, a parish adjoining Rougham, and was listened to with apparent interest and great attention by an audience of farmers, village tradesmen, mechanics, and laborers. I was careful to avoid naming any place which my audience were not likely to know well; and there is hardly a parish mentioned which is five miles from the lecture-room.

When speaking of "six hundred years," I gave myself roughly a limit of thirty years before and after 1280, and I have rarely gone beyond that limit on one side or the other.

They who are acquainted with Mr. Rogers' "History of Prices" will observe that I have ventured to put forward views on more points than one, very different from those which he advocates.

Of the value of Mr. Rogers' compilation, and of the statistics which he has tabulated with so much labor, there can be but one opinion. It is when we come to draw our inferences from such returns as these, and bring to bear upon

them the side-lights which further evidence affords, that differences of opinion arise among inquirers. I really know nothing about the Midlands in the thirteenth century; I am disgracefully ignorant of the social condition of the South and West; but the early history of East Anglia, and especially of Norfolk, has for long possessed a fascination for me; and though I am slow to arrive at conclusions, and have a deep distrust of those historians who for every pair of facts construct a trinity of theories, I feel sure of my ground on some matters, because I have done my best to use all such evidence as has come in my way.]

When I was asked to address you here this evening, I resolved that I would try to give you some notion of the kind of life which your fathers led in this parish a long, long time ago; but on reflection I found that I could not tell you very much that I was sure of about your parish of Tittleshall, though I could tell you something that is new to you about a parish that joins your own; and because what was going on among your close neighbors at any one time would be in the main pretty much what would be going on among your forefathers, in bringing before you the kind of life which people led in the adjoining parish of Rougham six hundred years ago, I should be describing precisely the life which people were

leading here in this parish—people, remember, whose blood is throbbing in the veins of some of you present ; for from that dust that lies in your church-yard yonder I make no doubt that some of you have sprung—you whom I am speaking to now.

Six hundred years ago ! Yes, it is a long time. Not a man of you can throw his thoughts back to so great a lapse of time. I do not expect it of you ; but nevertheless I am going to try to give you a picture of a Norfolk village, and that village which you all know better than I do, such as it was six hundred years ago.

In those days an ancestor of our gracious Queen, who now wears the crown of England, was king ; and the Prince of Wales, whom many of you must have seen in Norfolk, was named *Edward*, after this same king. In those days there were the churches standing generally where they stand now. In those days, too, the main roads ran pretty much where they now run ; and there was the same sun overhead, and there were clouds, and winds, and floods, and storms, and sunshine ; but if you, any of you, could be taken up, and dropped down in Tittleshall or Rougham such as they were six hundred years ago, you would feel almost as strange as if you had been suddenly transported to the other end of the world.

The only object that you would at all recognize would be the parish church. That stands where it did, and where it has stood, perhaps, for a thousand years or more; but, at the time we are now concerned with, it looked somewhat different from what it looks now. It had a tower, but that tower was plainer and lower than the present one. The windows, too, were very different; they were smaller and narrower; I think it probable that in some of them there was stained glass; and it is almost certain that the walls were covered with paintings representing scenes from the Bible, and possibly some stories from the lives of the saints, which everybody in those days was familiar with. There was no pulpit and no reading-desk. When the parson preached, he preached from the steps of the altar. The altar itself was much more ornamented than now it is. Upon the altar there were always some large wax tapers which were lit on great occasions; and over the altar there hung a small lamp which was kept alight night and day. It was the parson's first duty to look to it in the morning, and his last to trim it at night.

The parish church was too small for the population of Rougham, and the consequence was that it had been found necessary to erect what we should now call a chapel of ease—served, I suppose, by an assistant priest, who

would be called a chaplain. I cannot tell you where this chapel stood, but it had a burial ground of its own.¹

There was, I think, only one road deserving of the name, which passed through Rougham. It ran almost directly north and south from Coxford Abbey to Castle Acre Priory. The village of Rougham in those days was in its general plan not very unlike the present village—that is to say, the church standing where it does; next to the church-yard was the parsonage with a croft attached; and next to that a row of houses inhabited by the principal people of the place, whose names I could give you and the order of their dwellings, if it were worth while. Each of these houses had some out-buildings—cow-sheds, barns, etc., and a small croft fenced round. Opposite these houses was another row facing west, as the others faced east; but these latter houses were apparently occupied by the poorer inhabitants—the smith, the carpenter, and the general shopkeeper, who called himself, and was called by others, the *merchant*. There was one house which appears to have stood apart from the rest, and near Wesenham Heath. It probably was encircled

¹ Compare the remarkable regulations of Bishop Woodloke of Winchester (A. D. 1308), illustrative of this. Wilkins' "Conc.," vol. ii., p. 396. By these constitutions every chapel, two miles from the mother church, was bound to have its own burying ground.

by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge, the bridge being drawn up at sunset. It was called the Lyng House, and had been probably built two or three generations back, and now was occupied by a person of some consideration—viz., Thomas Middleton, Archdeacon of Suffolk, and brother of William Middleton, then Bishop of Norwich. This house, too, was on the east side of the road, and the road leading up to it had a name, and was called the Hutgong. In front of the house was something like a small park of five and a half acres enclosed; and next that again, to the south, four acres of plowed land; and behind that again—*i. e.*, between it and the village—there was the open heath. Altogether this property consisted of a house and twenty-six acres. Archdeacon Middleton bought it on the 6th of October, 1283, and he bought it in conjunction with his brother Elias, who was soon after made senechal or steward of Lynn for his other brother, the bishop. The two brothers probably used this as their country-house, for both of them had their chief occupation elsewhere; but when the bishop died, in 1288, and they became not quite the important people they had been before, they sold the Lyng House to another important person, of whom we shall hear more by and by.

The Lyng House, however, was not the great house of Rougham. I am inclined to think that

stood not far from the spot where Rougham Hall now stands. It was in those days called the Manor House or the Manor.

* * * * *

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb, but his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre, at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. This was called the Rent, but it is a very great mistake indeed to represent this as the same thing which we mean by rent nowadays. It really was almost identical with what we now call, in the case of house property, "ground-rent," and bore no proportion to the value of the produce that might be raised from the soil which the tenant held. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder; his holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own—subject, of course, to the payment of the ground-rent—but if he wanted

to sell out his holding, the lord of the manor enacted a payment for the privilege; if he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor. So much for the free tenants. Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground-rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plow the lord's land for so many days in the year, to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villein or native. Once a villein, always a villein. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it off. Nay, they might not even go away from the manor in which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be never so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor.¹ Yes! there *was* one

¹ I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of

means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order, and to the rank of free men.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who, I suppose, was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained, about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it; and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with

this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the "Abbrev. Placit." p. 316 (6^o. E. ii. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the Manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to villeinage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded they were citizens of Norwich—the city being about four miles from Cossey.

his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty merks. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more ; but, less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham ; and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, Knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed his name, not because he could not write (for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago), but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed his seal, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or

small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was High Sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on the 25th of January of that year, before one of the Judges of Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered, when I began to speak of the free tenants and the villeins. William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, and

each of the parceners looking very jealously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights. Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence, yet, when the manor was divided, no one of them was any thing like so great a person as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham, at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish, and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other, Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomo de Ferentino, or, if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham, and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large

incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the Pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days, the Pope had immense power in England, and it looked for awhile as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon the Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentleman, whose name was *John* de Ferentino, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich; he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the Pope tried to make him bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see at that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments. Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the Archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another Archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his wife's kindred. Be that as it may, James de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford—though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universi-

ties in Europe—sent his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for, in King Henry's days, a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the King's Court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the Pope, and not to the King of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Rougham, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made people open their eyes. And they gave the young fellow the name he is known by in future, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romain, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric*. We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy,—bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and, even though Peter Romain may not have been a priest or a deacon when he came back to Rougham, he was certainly in holy orders, and as such he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way; he might never marry. If a young fellow who had once been

admitted a member of the clerical body took unto himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded, where they are not broken legally; and this law forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the Canon Law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly, if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony, civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the Canon Law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romayn of Rougham, cleric though he was, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Nor-

folk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I daresay Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romain was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But Peter *could n't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of the Canon Law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal, against all the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham, I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romain and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases, the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler him-

self, more than once; and in one of the latter charters, Peter Romayn, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in Rougham, without reserve, to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.¹ Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham—the house in which she lives and all that it contains—lands and ground-rents, and every thing else for money down, and we hear of her no more. It is a curious fact that Peter Romayn was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham, six hundred years ago, were Peter Romayn and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin Charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on the 24th of September, 1292, he took a lease for another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard

¹ By the constitutions of Bishop Woodloke, any legacies left by a clergyman to his "concubine" were to be handed over to the bishop's official, and distributed to the poor.—Wilkins' "Conc." vol. ii, p. 296 b.

le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired, he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve. When her eldest daughter, Alice, came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrsford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death, a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants, in more ways than one. Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory-house and some acres of glebe land—how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed—that would lead me a great deal too far—but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession

of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory-house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together and little more. And here let me observe, in passing, that there is no greater delusion than that of people who believe that the monks were the friends of the parsons. Whatever else they may have been, at their best, or at their worst, the monks were always the great robbers of the country parsons, and never lost an opportunity of pillaging them. But on the subject of the monasteries and their influence, I dare not speak now; possibly another opportunity may occur for considering that subject.

John of Thyrstord had not been married more than a year or two when he had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on the 10th of October, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice—if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by and

by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband, the vicar, lived on too—on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery, and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romain and John of Thyrsoford, I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergymen; but there were hosts of men six hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes; all, *i. e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands. Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England; the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make

people savage and bloodthirsty.¹ It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that, by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrong-doer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community. The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked such as had learned

¹ In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London.—"Chron. of Edward I. and Edward II.," vol. i. p. 102. Ed. Stubbs. Rolls series.

that the Gospel taught such virtues as mercy and long-suffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness, on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land, six hundred years ago, were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised. A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more*; he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary, or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a mem-

ber of that class, and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted, at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry, any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to a life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now—clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the lookout for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood—or the rectors and vicars who were the beneficed clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes, occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsoford, the vicar. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham Charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execu-

tion of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago. How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances, or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration; and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson, if he were sick or past work.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone; these were the Friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united

in their common dislike of the Friars. Six hundred years ago the Friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential Religionists in the country. It will not be far from the truth, and will give you the best notion of the real state of the case that I can offer, if I say that the Friars were the Primitive Methodists of six hundred years ago. The Friars gave out that their mission was to bring back Primitive Christianity, and to reform the Church by Primitive Christian methods; they were not the first people who have proclaimed themselves the reformers of their age,—not the first nor by any means the last. The Friars, when they began their work in England, were literally beggars; they went from place to place, preaching Christ, the sinner's Saviour and the poor man's Friend; but they preached almost exclusively in the large towns—in Yarmouth, in Lynn, in Norwich. In the towns, far more than in the country, the monks had mercilessly fleeced the clergy; the town clergy, as a rule, were needy, hungry, and dispirited; and because they were so, the poorer inhabitants of the towns were dreadfully neglected by the clergy, and were fast slipping back into mere heathenism. The Friars went among the miserable townsmen in their filthy reeking dens and cellars, visited them, ministered to them, preached to them, but they

would take no money from them ; they would not even touch it with the tips of their fingers. As to accepting houses and lands by way of endowment, they lifted up their voices against the whole system of endowments, and declared it to be hateful and antichristian. They tried to carry out to the letter our Lord's directions to His disciples, when He sent them out two and two without silver, or gold, or brass in their purses, without shoes or staves, and with a single garment ; they lived on what people chose to give them, food and shelter from day to day. They were the earnest and enthusiastic apostles of the voluntary system, and, for the three hundred years that they were tolerated in England, they were much more true to their great principle than has been generally supposed ; six hundred years ago they were by far the most influential and powerful evangelists in England—in fact, they were almost the only evangelists. The Friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for 'them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and travelled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp-meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and

discontent ; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the Friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to, or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.


When the Friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the Friars, and the revival of pulpit oratory, was all the more welcome, because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and the preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God.

* * * * *

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk

had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor-house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm-buildings, dove-cote, and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor, while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of. As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough, for the most part. The manor-house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or when, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Sometimes, too, the manor-house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty

hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making brick seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes grovelling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw, which served them as mattress and feather-bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gypsy's tent in our by-ways. The laborer's only light by night was the smouldering fire. Why should he burn a rush-light when there was nothing to look at? And reading was an accomplishment which as few laboring men were masters of as now are masters of the art of painting a picture. As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when



the laborer looked upon wheat-bread as a rare delicacy ; and those legacies which were left by kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe-leather. In the winter-time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away ; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fattened their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood ; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people.¹ Salting down the animal for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was procured by evaporation in *pans* near the

¹ I take this statement from Mr. Rogers' "History of Prices," but I am not sure that he has taken sufficiently into account the reserve of fodder which the *bracken* and even the gorse would afford. In some parts of Cornwall and Devon to this day, animals are kept throughout the winter wholly upon this food.

sea-side, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey; and long after the time I am dealing with, people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm would become the property of another. As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider.¹ Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and anybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with hoarhound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practise nowadays for making the beer "heady," and sticky, and poi-

¹ On a court roll of the manor of Whissonsete, of the date 22d July, 1355, I find William Wate fined "iiij botell cideri quia fecit dampnum in bladis domini."

sonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it, but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer-sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot.¹ It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offences punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot, he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off

¹ The presentments of the beer-sellers seem to point to the existence of something like a licensing system among the lords of manors. I know not how otherwise to explain the frequency of the fines laid upon the whole class. Thus in a courtleet of the manor of Hockham, held the 20th of October, 1377, no less than fourteen women were fined in the aggregate 30s. 8d., who being *brassatores vendidere servisiām* (sic) *contra assisām*, one of these brewsters was fined as much as four shillings.

The earliest attempt to introduce uniformity in the measures of ale, etc., is the assize of Richard I., bearing date the 20th November, 1197. It is to be found in "Walter of Coventry," vol. i. p. 114 (Rolls series). On the importance of this document see Stubbs' "Const. Hist." vol. i. pp. 509, 573. On the tasters of bread and ale cf. *Dep. Keeper's 43d Report*, p. 207.

his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The firewaters of our own time—the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief—were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never tasted. The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living Heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must

have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly. As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment—a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamed of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk. Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quit-rent, or what I have called the ground-rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham charters of a man buying as much as eleven and a half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley.¹ Nothing shows

¹ In the year 1276 half-pence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer

more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews¹; and when a man was once in their hands he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women, and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other blood-suckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes.² On the contrary, I am strongly

classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance, inasmuch that it was said to be the fulfilment of an ancient prophecy by the great seer Merlin, who had once foretold in mysterious language, that "there shall be half of the round." In the next century it appears that the want of small change had again made itself felt: for in the 2d Richard II. we find the Commons setting forth in a petition to the King, that ". . . les ditz coes, *n'on petit monoye pur paier pur les petites mesures a grant damage des dites coes*," and they beg "Qe plesse a dit Sr. le Roi et a son sage conseil de faire ordeiner Mayles et farthinges pur paier pur les petites mesures . . . et en oeuvre de charité. . . ."—*Rolls of Parl.* vol. iii. p. 65.

¹ I am speaking of Norfolk and Suffolk, where the Jews, as far as I have seen, had it all their own way.

² The returns of the number of poor people supported by the monasteries, which are to be found in the "Valor Ecclesiasticus," are somewhat startling. Certainly the monasteries did not return *less* than they expended in alms.

impressed with the belief that six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word—no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday-school—no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings?—what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole country, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to

the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. . . . It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied—had the claim, or fancied he had—and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Cleure, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber, and *carrying it off*. But there are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year—one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of threemen, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, come to Little Barning-

ham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and, having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smoldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hanville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hanville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand-new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and, collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the pillory, and utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hanville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would have had no objection, but

that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offences—such as simple theft, sheep-stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons—there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary; eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offences, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for

the crime of defacing the King's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

“ Anywhere, anywhere out of the world ! ”

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door ! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible house-breaking and bloodshed, being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering creatures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralyzed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too

painful to dwell on ; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not—no, there was not—as much difference between them and the dwellings of the farmer class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land ; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own ; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. When a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice, the divorced, had made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham—perhaps on a pilgrimage—perhaps to Rome—who knows?—she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes, and pitchforks, and sacks ; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this

lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our West Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated ; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you very little of the amusements of the people in those days. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and digging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even story-books in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance ; but then he was a thriving yeoman, with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.¹

¹ Rogers' "*Hist. of Prices*," vol. i. p. 124.

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held three or four times a year, and the free tenants were bound to attend, and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the Archdeacon, and the Rural Dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly 602 years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the country, and between the 10th and 15th of January, 1281, he must have ridden through Rougham, with a huge train of attendants, on his way from Docking to Castle Acre. I have no doubt that his coming had very much to do with the separation of Peter Romaine from Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsoford.

The year, 1280, in which Archbishop Peckham began his visit to Norfolk, was a very disastrous year for the farmers. It was the beginning of a succession of bad seasons and floods even worse than any that we have known. The rain set in on the 1st of August, and we are told that it continued to fall for twenty-four hours, and then came a mighty wind such as men had never known the like of; the waters were out, and there was a great flood, and houses and windmills and bridges were swept away. Nay, we hear of a sad loss of life, and many poor people were drowned, and many lost their all; flocks and herds, and corn and hay being whelmed in the deluge. In November there was a frightful tempest, the lightning doing extensive damage; and just at Christmas-time the frost set in with such severity as no man had known before. The river Thames was frozen over above London Bridge, so that men crossed it with horses and carts; and when the frost broke up on the 2d of February there was such an enormous accumulation of ice and snow that five of the arches of London Bridge blew up, and all over the country the same destruction of bridges was heard of. Next year and the year after that, things went very badly with your forefathers, and one of the saddest events that we get from a Norfolk chronicler, who was alive at the time, is one in which he tells us that,

owing to the continuous rain during these three years, there was an utter failure in garden produce, as well as of the people's hope of harvest. The bad seasons seem to have gone on for six or seven years; but by far the worst calamity which Norfolk ever knew was the awful flood of 1287, when by an incursion of the sea a large district was laid under water, and hundreds of unfortunate creatures were drowned in the dead of the night, without warning. Here, on the higher level, people were comparatively out of harm's way, but it is impossible to imagine the distress and agony that there must have been in other parts of the county not twenty miles from where we are this evening. After that dreadful year I think there was a change for the better, but it must have been a long time before the county recovered from the "agricultural distress;" and I strongly suspect that the cruel and wicked persecution of the Jews, and the cancelling of all debts due to them by the landlords and the farmers, was in great measure owing to the general bankruptcy which the succession of bad seasons had brought about. Men found themselves hopelessly insolvent, and there was no other way of cancelling their obligations than by getting rid of their creditors. So when the king announced that all the Jews should be transported out of the realm, you may be sure there were very few Christians

who were sorry for them. There had been a time when the children of Israel had spoiled the Egyptians—was it not fitting that another time should have come when the children of Israel should themselves be spoiled?

The year of the great flood was the frequent talk, of course, of all your forefathers who over-lived it, and here in this neighborhood it must have acquired an additional interest from the fact that Bishop Middleton died the year after it, and his brothers then parted with their Roughton property. Nor was this all, for Bishop Middleton's successor in the see of Norwich came from this immediate neighborhood also. This was Ralph Walpole, son of the lord of the manor of Houghton, in which parish the bishop himself had inherited a few acres of land. In less than forty years no less than three bishops had been born within five miles of where we are this evening: Roger de Wesenham,¹ who became Bishop of Lichfield in 1245; William Middleton, who had just died; and Ralph Walpole, who succeeded him. There must have been much stir in these parts when the news was known. The old people would tell how they had seen "young master Ralph" many a time when he was a boy scampering over Massingham Heath, or coming to

¹ The names of several members of the bishop's family occur in the Roughton Charters as attesting witnesses, and a Roger de Wesenham is found among them more than once.

pay his respects to the Archdeacon at the Lyng House, or talking of foreign parts with old James de Ferentino or Peter Romayn. Now he had grown to be a very big man indeed, and there were many eyes watching him on both sides of the water. He had a very difficult game to play during the eleven years he was Bishop of Norwich, for the king was dreadfully in need of money, and, being desperate, he resorted to outrageous methods of squeezing it from those whom he could frighten and force; and the time came at last when the bishops and the clergy had to put a bold face on, and to resist the tyranny and lawless rapacity of the sovereign.

And this reminds me that though archdeacons, and bishops, and even an archbishop, in those days might be and were very important and very powerful personages, they were all very small and insignificant in comparison with the great King Edward, the king who at this time was looked upon as one of the most mighty and magnificent kings in all the world. He, too, paid many a visit to Norfolk six hundred years ago. He kept his Christmas at Burgh in 1280, and in 1284 he came down with the good Queen Eleanor and spent the whole of Lent in the country; and next year, again, they were in your immediate neighborhood, making a pilgrimage to Walsingham. A few years

after this, the king seems to have spent a week or two within five miles of where we are; he came to Castle Acre, and there he stayed at the great priory whose ruins you all know. There a very stirring interview took place between the king and Bishop Walpole, and a number of other bishops, and great persons who had come as a deputation to expostulate with the king, and respectfully to protest against the way in which he was robbing his subjects, and especially the clergy, whom he had been for years plundering in the most outrageous manner. The king gave the deputation no smooth words to carry away, but he sent them off with threatening frowns and insults and in hot anger. Some days after this he was at Massingham, and one of his letters has been preserved, dated from Massingham, 30th of January, 1296, so that it is almost certain that the great king passed one night there at least. It is a little difficult to understand what the king was doing at Massingham, for there was no great man living there, and no great mansion. Sometimes I have thought that the king rode out from Castle Acre to see what state the Walpoles of those times were keeping up at Houghton. Had not that audacious Bishop Walpole dared to speak plainly to his Grace the week before? But the more probable explanation is that the king went to Massingham to visit a small

religious house or monastery which had been recently founded there. I suspect it had already got into debt and was in difficulties, and it is possible that the king's visit was made in the interest of the foundation. At any rate, there the king stayed; but though he was in Norfolk more than once after this, he never was so near you again, and that visit was one which your forefathers were sure to talk about to the end of their lives.

* * * * *

And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all, these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs. Now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish, in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death-rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was every thing to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are. Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves: but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge,

intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

SIENA.

By SAMUEL JAMES CAPPER.

IT has been truly said that every square league of Italian soil deserves our attention and study, and perhaps no part of Italy is more full of rich and varied human interest than the quondam republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, of the last of which I propose to write in this article.

Etruscan vases and other remains have at various times been found in and around Siena ; but nothing is known with certainty of its history, until, in the reign of Augustus, we find it spoken of as a Roman military colony. The three hills upon which it stands rise to upward of one thousand feet above the sea level, and the soil of which they are composed is doubtless the product of volcanic action. Siena has always been subject to earthquakes, which, however, at the worst, never did greater injury than the shaking down of a few chimneys. Formerly they recurred at intervals of forty or fifty years, but latterly they have been much more frequent, ten years rarely passing without their unwelcome advent. During the months of July

and August of last year they occasioned great terror in Siena: in one day no fewer than seventy shocks were observed, and thousands of the inhabitants camped out in the squares and gardens, lest their houses should fall upon them. Scientific men tell us that the tufa upon which the city stands being to a great extent hollowed out, there is very little danger of the earthquakes doing real injury; but to unscientific residents, the existence of this hollow space underneath makes the fate of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram seem more painfully probable than if solid earth were below. Be this as it may, in spite of the panic, no damage has actually been done; and the huge masses of the churches and palaces show no rents or cracks, save one or two that are almost as venerable as the buildings themselves.

Siena used to be a more favorite station for English residents than it now is. Before railway days, almost all visitors to Rome from the north passed a day or two in Siena; now the railway conveys them direct from Florence, and the ancient little city is passed by. Those, however, who follow the older fashion find its interest grow upon them, as the strain and stress of the nineteenth century fade from their mind and they gradually feel more and more at home among the relics of the spirit of the Middle Ages.

In the short space at my disposal, it would be vain for me to do more than briefly glance at one or two interesting episodes in the history of this little republic, speak of some of the worthies it has produced (a few of whom, by the common consent of Christendom, have been deemed worthy "on fame's eternal roll-call to be filed"), and then describe the "Palio," the August festival of the city.

In a famous passage Macaulay describes the wide-reaching effects of the ambition of Frederick the Great, and how, as its bitter fruit, the natives of Coromandel engaged in internecine slaughter, and red Indians scalped one another on the great lakes of Canada. In like manner, for hundreds of years, there was constant strife among the republics of Italy, and the flower of their citizens perished, either on the battlefield or the scaffold, because of the rivalry of the great factions having their origin in Germany, the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Indeed, the history of the Italian republics throughout the Middle Ages is the record of constant warfare in the interest of the one or the other party. Without, therefore, trying to realize what Siena may have been when the great Etruscan league bore sway throughout Central Italy, or when, having become subject to Rome, the conquering legions tramped through its streets, on their way to Gaul, or Germany, or

Britain, let us come at once to the mediæval history of the city, from which period the walls, churches, and palaces date. After the Lombard invasion of Italy, Siena was governed by a representative of the Lombard kings; but when, in 800, Charlemagne destroyed, or, more properly, absorbed into his empire the kingdom of the iron crown, Siena was declared a free city. The lordships and baronies and rich lands he divided, with no niggard hand, among his warlike followers from beyond the Alps, and some of these became the ancestors of the nobility of Siena. The soil, then, as now, rich beyond all northern ideas, and generous of corn, wine, and oil, soon rendered wealthy its fortunate possessors, who, no longer contented with the feudal castles on their estates, began to build palaces in Siena, and built them so solidly that now, after five or six centuries, they stand firm and strong as when erected, and there seems no reason why they should not bid defiance to time and earthquakes for five centuries more. The feudal origin of these palaces, and the fact that the possessors derived their revenues from wide lordships and domains outside the city, in some degree account for what for a long time greatly puzzled me. As you walk through the old streets of Siena, every hundred yards, or even much more frequently, you come upon great palazzi, for the most part built of enor-

mously solid masonry, and often of such vast size that you would think that each one could accommodate a whole regiment. How was it possible, I have often thought, for such houses to be erected, and the expenses of such households to be borne in an inland city, shut out from the wealth derived from maritime trade, which made princes of the merchants of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa? True the wealth of many of these great families is a thing of the past. I recently heard of a whole patrician family living in a portion of their huge palace, all being entirely supported out of the dowry of the wife of the eldest son, who was probably the daughter of some wealthy plebeian. Yet not one of this interesting family would do a hand's turn of work to save himself from starvation: they are far too sensible of what is due to themselves and to the honor of the family.¹ Still, it would be a great mistake to suppose that the patrician families of Siena are poor. On the contrary,

¹ With a city full of huge empty palaces, one would naturally suppose that strangers would be embarrassed in their choice of desirable furnished apartments. So I expected, and put what I thought a likely advertisement in a little Siennese journal, the *Lupa*. Not an answer, however, did I receive, and I am assured that that Siennese patrician must be poor and miserable indeed who would not rather see the palace of his ancestors crumble to ruin than resign a portion of it to the occupation of strangers. I have since secured an apartment in the palazzo of a noble family, whose history has been bound up with that of the republic for centuries, and at what in England would be regarded as a ridiculously cheap rate, but under such peculiar circumstances as in no way to militate against the above statement.

the most distinguished of them remain possessed of great estates in the country as well as of their stately old palaces in the city. For instance, the Palazzo Tolomei was built in 1205. It is an imposing square Gothic pile of stone, dark with the grime of nearly seven centuries, during which period the family have been leading patricians in Siena, and they still continue to occupy an important position in the city. The Chigis, Piccolominis, Bandinis, and many others, retain their ancient state and greatness. The Piccolomini family gave two popes to Rome—the celebrated Eneas Sylvius who wore the tiara as Pius II, and his nephew, Pius III. To this family also belonged that Ascanius Piccolomini, Archbishop of Siena, who, when the prison doors of the Inquisition were opened to Galileo, received the venerable philosopher, and made a home for him within the walls of the Archiepiscopal Palace. The persecuted philosopher seems to have been quite overcome with the kindness showered upon him by the archbishop, for he speaks of it in his letters as “inexplicable.” To this family also belongs that Ottavio Piccolomini, whose defection from Wallenstein forms the subject of Schiller’s drama. His portrait may be seen at the Palazzo Pubblico on a charger at full gallop in somewhat the same truculent attitude in which Napoleon is popularly represented crossing the

Alps. The Saracini family, whose massive palace is one of the principal ornaments of the Via della Città, has, during its long history, given one pope and many cardinals to Rome. It is, however, on the point of dying out, only one aged childless representative remaining.

I am assured that the families who reckon popes among their predecessors, as for instance the Piccolomini, Chigi, and Saracini, date the greater part of their wealth and greatness from that time. The popes appear, as a matter of course, to have made use of the vast revenues of the Church to aggrandize their families. We are wont to attribute the political maxim, "To the victors the spoils,"—which has proved so great a curse to the great Transatlantic republic,—to old General Andrew Jackson; but, if the above statement be true, he took no new departure when he laid down the principle, but was following a time-honored, not to say sacred, precedent. An unwritten law, by which only the eldest son of each patrician house has been allowed to marry, has powerfully contributed to prevent the dispersion of their inherited wealth.

From the time of Barbarossa (1152) until long after the last of the Imperial House of Suabia, the unfortunate Conradin, had perished on the scaffold at Naples (in 1269), Siena was always intensely Ghibelline and anti-papal, although its sturdy independence showed itself,

even when Barbarossa was at the height of his power, and came, breathing out vengeance against the Italian free cities, determined to deprive them of their liberty. Siena alone had the courage to shut its gates in the face of the mighty conqueror and to dare him to do his worst. Frederick sent his son Henry with a large army which closely invested the city. The besieged, however, made a simultaneous sortie from the two gates, Fonte Branda and St. Marco, and, attacking the German camp at a place called the Rosaio, routed the Imperialists and put them to flight. But if Siena was Ghibelline in its politics, its great rival and sister republic, Florence, held by the Guelphs.

Under the great Emperor Frederick II, the old quarrel between the Papacy and the Empire broke out with fresh fury, and involved all Italy in strife. Upon his death, Florence first, quickly followed by the whole of Tuscany, with the exception of Siena, threw off its allegiance to the Empire. The leaders of the Ghibelline party in Florence took refuge in Siena, which speedily led to hostilities between the two cities.

To resist the victorious Guelphs, Siena had only the alliance of Pisa ; and the little republic, hardly beset, sent pressing requests for succor to Manfred, son of the Emperor Frederick, and King of Naples. On August 11, 1259,

the king sent a reply, still preserved in the archives of Siena, in which he announced the despatch of an army sufficient to place the Ghibelline cause in its old position of supremacy; but, alas! instead of the promised army, only one hundred German troopers arrived. The mountain had brought forth a mouse, and things looked gloomy indeed for Siena. In this crisis, however, a leading Florentine exile, Farinata degli Uberti, whom Dante, a few years later, was to immortalize in the pages of the "Inferno," cheered the drooping spirits of the Sienese. He said: "We have the banner of the king; this will suffice to make him send us as many soldiers as we may require, and that without asking for them." The city was at the time closely invested by the Florentines. Uberti gave the unhappy Germans as much wine as they could drink, and, promising them double pay, persuaded them to charge the enemy's lines. This they did, and with incredible fury. The Florentines, taken by surprise, and not knowing what might follow this whirlwind of one hundred German devils, were upon the point of raising the siege. When, however, they perceived the insignificant number of their assailants, they summoned heart of grace, slew the hundred troopers to the very last man, and capturing the royal banner subjected it to every conceivable outrage. This was exactly what

the Mephistophelean Uberti desired. Enraged at the dishonor done to his standard, Manfred despatched eight hundred German knights, under his cousin Giordano Lancia di Angalono, to the help of Siena, and with the levies from Pisa the whole of the Ghibelline forces amounted to 9000 horse and 18,500 foot-soldiers.

To maintain this host was an enormous tax upon the city of Siena, and in order to employ the army, and if possible to induce the Florentines to give battle, the Sienese commanders laid siege to the neighboring city of Montalcino.

The Florentines, were, however, not at all disposed to make easy the plans of their enemies, and obstinately remained within their walls. But the guile of Uberti was more than a match for them. With great secrecy he despatched two monks to the leaders of the people of Florence, to represent that they were the emissaries of the most powerful citizens of Siena, who, finding the tyranny of Provenzano Salvani¹ and Uberti insupportable, were deter-

¹ This is the Provenzano mentioned by Dante in the eleventh canto of the "Purgatorio" :—

“ Colui che del cammin sì poco piglia
 Dinanzi a me, Toscana sonò tutta
 Ed ora a pena in Siena sen pispiglia
 Ond' era sire, quando fu distrutta
 La rabbia fiorentina che superba
 Fu a quel tempo sì com' ora è putta.
 * * * * *

Quegli è, ripose Provenzan Salvani
 Ed è qui, perchè fu presuntuoso
 A recar Siena tutta alle sue mani.”

mined to deliver themselves from it at any cost. The messengers added that when the Florentines, under pretext of succoring Montalcino, should reach Siena, one of the gates of the city would be opened to them. Unhappily for Florence, her leaders believed the messengers and acted upon their insidious advice. The people of Florence rose in mass, and aid was demanded from the allied Guelphic cities. Bologna, Perugia, and Orvieto sent their contingents. A host of 33,000 warriors gathered around the Carroccio, or sacred car of Florence. The army marched to Monte Aperto, a few miles from Siena, in the full hope and expectation that the city would soon be theirs. Toward sunset on the 3d September (1260) the Sienese, after publicly invoking the aid of the Virgin, and dedicating their city to her, marched out to meet their enemies, and upon the following day the struggle took place. It was a hard-fought and long-doubtful battle, and it was by treachery that it was at length decided. Bocca degli Abati, a Ghibelline, who fought in the ranks of the Florentines, struck off, with one blow of his sword, the hand of Jacopo di Pazzi, who bore the standard of the cavalry. Fell panic seized the Florentine riders when they saw their banner fallen, and that there was treachery within their ranks, the extent of which they could not gauge. Each

man spurred his horse away from the fatal field, and soon the foot-soldiers were involved in one common rout. Then began a butchery which made the Arbia stream run blood.

“ . . . lo strazio e il grande scempio
Che fece l' Arbia colorata in rosso.”

Meanwhile, in the city of Siena, the old men, women, and children, together with the bishop, priests, and monks of all orders were assembled in the cathedral asking mercy of God. The twenty-four Signori, who then ruled Siena, posted a watchman on the tower of the Palazzo Marescotti, now the palace of the Saracini, whence the field of battle was distinctly visible. The winding road over hill and dale would make the distance five or six miles; but, as a bird would fly, in a direct line, Monte Aperto is little more than three miles away. Thus, the watchman, a certain Cerreto Ceccolino, could distinctly perceive the movements of the contending armies. Terrible was the anxiety of the crowd of old men, women, and children at the base of the tower as they waited for the report of the combat. At length the watchman strikes his drum, and, in the breathless pause that follows, he cries with a loud voice so that all may hear: “They have reached Monte Selvoli, and are pushing up the hill to secure it as a coign of vantage, and now the Florentines

are in motion and they also are trying to gain the hill."

Again the drum sounds: "The armies are engaged; pray God for victory." Next the watchman cries: "Pray God for ours; they seem to me to be getting the worst of it." But soon the pain and suspense of the anxious crowd were relieved by the watchman crying: "Now I see that it is the enemy who fall back." And now in all the joy of victory the watchman beats a triumphant march, and informs the anxious ones below that the standards of Florence have all gone down, and that her soldiers are broken and routed, and how cruel a slaughter there is among them. Cruel slaughter, indeed! The Carroccio, or sacred car of Florence, drawn by white oxen, and with the great standard of the city displayed from its lofty flag-staffs, was taken at a place called "Fonte al pino," close to the Arbia. Among its gallant defenders was a Florentine named Tornaquinci, with his seven sons, all of whom were slain.

Consternation now fell upon the army of Florence. Many threw down their arms and cried "We surrender"; but the chronicler adds, grimly, "they were not understood." A few of the bravest from Florence, from Lucca, and from Orvieto flung themselves into the castle of Monte Aperto, and there held out until the

leaders of the army of Siena, sated with slaughter, admitted them to quarter.¹ The chroniclers estimate that ten thousand of the Guelphic host fell on this fatal field, and that almost all the remainder were made prisoners. The misery caused in Florence by the battle is indescribable, and in a very few years a like misery was to fall upon Siena. Monte Aperto was the last decisive victory gained by the Ghibelline cause. Nine years afterward, in 1269, the Sienese army was routed at Colle, and exactly twenty years after that at Campaldino.² Nothing can be more melancholy than the story of the internecine fratricidal struggles between the cities of Italy, with their constant episodes of treachery and cold-blooded cruelty.

The history of the Republic of Siena during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries is a long tale of anarchy and revolution, and of incessant struggles between the different

¹ January 10, 1883.—Yesterday I had the advantage of driving, with a friend, over the battle-field for a second time. We called at the modern villa of Monte Aperto, where resides Signor Canale, who most courteously pointed out to us the site of the ancient castle of the same name, and showed us exactly where the Florentine host camped on the night before the battle, and where the Carroccio was taken at "Fonte al pino," around which stone pines still raise their lordly heads.

² Dante himself fought at this battle, and in the fifth canto of the "Purgatorio" he addresses Buonconte di Montefeltro, mortally wounded on that field:—

" Qual forza o qual ventura
Ti traviò sì fuor di Campaldino
Che non si seppe mai tua sepoltura?"

parties in the State. In 1277 a law excluded from the supreme magistracy not only the patricians but the people, and decreed that for the future the government should rest alone in the hands of good "merchants loyally affected to the Guelph cause." This government by the middle classes was called the "Administration of the Nine," and lasted for no less than seventy years. Though hated alike by the aristocracy and the people, this *régime* proved advantageous to the State. Under it the Palazzo Pubblico was built, and the graceful Mangia Tower rose, while the cathedral was enlarged and beautified and the city grew wealthy with trade. When the "Nine" fell before a combined assault of the aristocracy and the people, the republic seemed to be given over to anarchy. (In four months and a half there were no less than five revolutions.) Yet, strange to say, it was at this very time that architecture and sculpture and painting advanced with wondrous strides. The great Florentine poet told of his awful visions in the exquisitely beautiful language then spoken in Northern Italy, and crystallized into literary form the lovely Tuscan tongue; and against the black background of remorseless feuds, treacherous intrigues, and cruel wars, there stand out, white and spotless, some of the most perfect exemplars of sainthood into which

humanity has ever flowered. The Republic of Siena made amends for the turbulence and violence and bitter party spirit it had shown throughout its history, by the united and gallant resistance it offered to Cosimo dei Medici, when he determined to add the lordship of Siena to that of Florence, in the middle of the sixteenth century. Florence was in 1530 besieged and conquered by the combined arms of the Emperor Charles V, and Pope Clement VII. Siena, yielding to the traditional hatred of many centuries, sent some pieces of artillery into the imperial camp, and rejoiced greatly at the downfall of her ancient foe. That joy did not last long. Hardly was Florence his, when Charles determined to become possessor of Siena, and this, by fraud and force, he succeeded in a few years in accomplishing.

The better to dominate the unruly city, the Spaniards built a powerful fortress. Proud of their long self-government and jealous of their independence, the Sieneſe felt this to be intolerable. They ſent ambassadors to the emperor to implore him not to affix upon their free city this badge of ſervitude. The imperial reply was: "*Sic volo, ſic jubeo.*" They ſent to Pope Julius III; they had hope in him, for was not his mother, Chriſtoſana Saracini, a daughter of Siena? But Julius cared more for the ſhameful pleaſures to which he was addicted than for

the liberty of the country of his forefathers, and replied: "If one castle does not suffice his Imperial Majesty to keep within bounds these hare-brained Sienese, why, let him build two." Rejected on all hands, the Sienese took courage from despair. They secretly conspired, determined to dare every thing, and on July 27, 1552, they rose in insurrection against their Spanish masters. For three days a fierce struggle raged throughout the city: every street, every square, every palace, almost every house was a battlefield. The struggle ended in the triumph of the citizens; the Spaniards were beaten, and the flag of the Republic again waved from the Palazzo Pubblico.

The Spaniards, who had retired to the newly erected fortress, saw themselves compelled to capitulate, and no sooner did the citizens become possessed of it than they proceeded to raze it to the ground. Where this ill-omened castle stood, there is now the garden of the Lizza, a charming little public park, which commands very extensive views of the surrounding country. Thither every evening almost all Siena resorts to breathe fresh air and to see and be seen. To go back three hundred years: when Charles V heard of the surrender of the Spanish garrison he was furious, and the year 1553 saw a Spanish army of vengeance carrying fire and sword into the Sienese territory. This army

was checked by the unexpected and heroic resistance of the little town of Montalcino, which was closely invested for eighty days. But in the following year came another army, under the ferocious Marignano, and this time the Spaniards penetrated to the very walls of the city, and 25,000 Spaniards and soldiers of Cosimo bivouacked before the gates. All the citizens were called to arms, and the priests and monks were compelled to work on the fortifications.

Three ladies, named Forteguerri, Piccolomini, and Fausti, organized three battalions of women. Three thousand maidens worked on the ramparts and in the trenches. The general-in-chief was Pietro Strozzi, a Florentine exile, and a bitter personal enemy of Cosimo. He determined to relieve Siena by a *coup-de-main* against Florence. Marignano marched to prevent him. The two armies met at Marciano, where the Sienese suffered the crushing defeat of Scannagallo, caused by the treachery of the commander of the French cavalry in the service of Siena, who had been bought by Marignano with the price of twelve tin flasks filled with pieces of gold. The Sienese lost all their artillery and fifty-five banners, while 12,000 men fell, either killed or wounded.

The siege now became more strict and more dreadful—little or no quarter was given. Fif-

teen hundred peasants, caught by Marignano while endeavoring to take supplies into the city, were hanged within sight of the despairing citizens, so that a Spanish historian, an eye-witness, adds: "The trees seemed to produce more dead bodies of men than leaves." Still the citizens would not yield, and they even carried their patriotism to the height of inhumanity to their own flesh and blood, several times turning out of the gates hundreds of "useless mouths," consisting of the old, the sick, the infirm, and of women and children, who either perished by the Spanish sword, or became the prey of wild beasts, or died from cold and hunger. Within the city, to the ravages of the sword and of famine were added those of pestilence, and at length, on the 17th of April, 1555, Siena surrendered. Before the siege it numbered forty thousand inhabitants, at its close there remained but six thousand; but the thirty-four thousand then left to be accounted for did not all perish in the siege, for seven hundred families, preferring exile to slavery, wandered forth into voluntary banishment.

It is impossible not to sympathize with one's whole heart with a gallant little people thus protracting a struggle for liberty and their ancient independence, almost to the point of extermination, against such a ruler as Charles V, and such a general as Marignano; but it is just to

remember that the Republic of Siena, during the whole of its existence, had displayed more and worse vices than did even the little republics and states of ancient Greece. There was never an end to the cruel feuds and bitter party hatreds which rent asunder the city state; and he who had rendered the greatest service to the republic was most likely to become the object of the envy and hatred of his fellow-citizens, who would often even clamor for his blood. Aonio Paleario, of whom I shall have occasion shortly to speak, thus writes of the republic in 1530: "The city rises on delightful hills, its territory is fertile and produces every thing in abundance, but discord arms the citizens against one another, and all their energy is consumed in factions"; and it is worthy of notice that it was unsafe for him to settle in Siena until the Spanish domination was, for the first time, firmly established after 1530.

Upon the surrender of the republic in 1555, Charles V handed it over in fief to his son, Philip II of Spain, and he, in turn, at the treaty of the Chateau de Cambray (1559), made it over to Cosimo dei Medici, whom Italian historians are wont to call the Tiberius of Tuscany. From that time Siena remained an integral part of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, until after exactly three hundred years, in 1859, it decided by a *plébiscite*, first among its sister

cities, to place itself under the tricolor flag of United Italy.

From the earliest times, and during the most stormy periods of its independent existence, the Republic of Siena was a liberal patron of the art of painting, and the deep religious feeling and tender devotional beauty of the works of its great masters, from the thirteenth century downward, still appeal to the traveller as well from the altars and walls of its many churches as in the "Istituto delle belle arti," where the treasures of many of the suppressed convents have been collected. That the love of painting is not dead in this one of its old haunts is shown by the splendid mosaics executed on the façade of the cathedral by Signor Luigi Mussini, the distinguished painter, director of the institution just named, and by Signor Franchi, who is also attached to the institution. The excellence of the school of wood-carving in Siena is shown by the yearly increasing amount of delicate and costly work entrusted to Siena houses by connoisseurs of this branch of art in England; and it is interesting that the whole of the internal woodwork on, I believe, the last Cunard liner was executed here.

Few buildings in Italy, or indeed in the world, present a more imposing appearance than does the cathedral, built on the very summit of one of the hills on which Siena stands;

though it takes time to accustom the eye to the alternate courses of white and black marble of which it is built, and architectural critics find fault with its style. None, however, can deny the extraordinary richness and imposing effect of the interior. More even than the cathedral, the numerous and massive palaces, seemingly capable of defying all enemies, including time, attest the development to which architecture had attained in Siena in the Middle Ages.

In all, Siena gave nine popes to Rome, a gift possibly of doubtful advantage; but of the benefit to Christendom of the Saints that were born in Siena there can be no doubt. Of these the greatest was Catherine, the daughter of a dyer, who, in her short life of thirty-three years, by her greatness of soul and absolute saintliness of character, became a power in Christendom, and by effecting the return of the papacy from Avignon to Rome, influenced, to an extent difficult now to estimate, the history of the whole world. The purity of the style of her letters is as remarkable as the force of her character and the saintliness of her life, and she is justly regarded, with Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, as one of the founders of that *lingua Toscana* which has become modern Italian. Her life and life's work have been treated with such fulness and with so deep a sympathy by Mrs. Josephine Butler in her recent touching

biography of the saint that I will say no more of her here.¹

It is interesting, too, as one comes under the shadow of the enormous mass of the huge church of St. Dominic, and passes into the cloisters, now occupied as a studio by the distinguished sculptor Sarrocchi, to remember that this was long the abode of the "angelical doctor," St. Thomas of Aquinas.

The saints of the Middle Ages gave place in the sixteenth century to thinkers and reformers. Foremost among them must be mentioned. Lelius and Faustus Socinus, uncle and nephew. Born of an old and famous Sienese family, and descended from a series of eminent juriconsults, equally distinguished by great erudition and extreme conservatism, Lelius Socinus threw himself with such ardor into the ranks of the reformers as soon to distance and shock them. He visited, in succession, France, England, the Low Countries, Germany, and Poland. and in the end settled at Zürich, where he died, at the age of thirty-seven, in 1562. His nephew,

¹ Within the last few months Monsignor Capel has been holding services in English in a church attached to what was once the house of the father of St. Catherine, for the especial benefit of the English in Siena. Far be it from any one to attempt to rob the Roman Catholic Church of the halo shed upon it by the holy life of such a saint, but it would be at least open to argument whether, had Catherine lived one hundred and fifty years later, she would not have taken her stand by the side of Vittoria Colonna and rejoiced in the dawn of the Reformation.

Faustus, after passing twelve years at the court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with whom he was a great favorite, suddenly went into voluntary exile in Germany, and for the remainder of his life devoted himself with ardor and enthusiasm to the dissemination of the views that had become associated with the name of his uncle. Maltreated and persecuted, he at length found a refuge near Cracow, where he died in 1604, at the age of seventy-five. Uncle and nephew left behind them an enormous body of heterodox divinity, now never opened but by professed students; but the ideas and influence of these two great men, received and handed on by later thinkers, were probably never more rife and potential than now, after nearly three centuries.

First among the great reformers to whom Siena gave birth stands the majestic figure of Bernardino Ochino. He was born in 1487, just four years after Luther. He was a born saint, and endeavored by a life of privation and austerity to carry heaven by assault. He first joined the Franciscans, their rule of life appearing to him the most austere of any of the monastic orders, and when that of the Capucines seemed to him still more rigorous, he left the former and joined the latter. As in the case of Luther, then in his German monastery, the severest discipline and most wearing au-

sterities could not give peace to his soul, a peace which he found only in simple trust in the Divine mercy.

Ochino was possessed of a wonderful eloquence, which stirred men's hearts as with the voice of a trumpet. Since Savonarola's death no such potent preacher had appeared in Italy. Under his preaching for a charitable object at Naples, five thousand scudi were raised. After listening to him the men of Perugia promised to be reconciled to one another, and to forego the bitter hatred of centuries. Charles V, after hearing one of his sermons, exclaimed: "This man would make the very stones weep."

A singularly noble presence, a face wasted by vigils and labors, with hair prematurely gray, and above all the knowledge of the purity and unaffected piety of his life, heightened the effect of his eloquence. He passed from city to city of Italy preaching, and was everywhere received with almost princely honors. His head-quarters was often in the Capucine convent, close to his native city, and the archives of Siena contain many letters which passed between him and its rulers, which show the strong love he always bore to his birthplace. He was elected General-superior of his order, and in 1542 he was invited to preach the Lent sermons in Venice. All Venice flocked to hear him, and the enthusiasm evoked by his elo-



quence knew no bounds. But the Papal Legate was listening to his words, and on one occasion rose, interrupted him, and commanded him to be silent in the name of the Holy Father. So great, however, was the popularity of Ochino, that three days later he was again allowed to enter the pulpit, and this time before even a larger audience. Upon reaching Verona, after leaving Venice, he received a summons to appear before the Holy Office at Rome. What that summons implied he well knew, and he determined to disobey it. There is among the manuscripts belonging to the library of Siena a letter from Ochino to Vittoria Colonna, dated August 22, 1542, in which he tells her that, having learned from his friends how pretended heretics are dealt with at Rome, he has resolved not to appear there, because he would there have only one of two alternatives, either to deny Christ, or to die in torments: "Deny Christ I never can," he writes; "to die, by the grace of God, I am ready, as He Himself may dispose of me, but not to give myself voluntarily into the hands of the executioners. The Lord will know well how to find me wheresoever I may be, when He wills that my blood shall be shed." He decided upon leaving Italy forever, and a few days later, taking the road of Milan and Aosta, he crossed the great St. Bernard, and descended to Geneva, where he

was received with open arms, and nominated pastor to the Italian refugees, who were beginning to flock to the city of refuge as the only means of escape from the clutches of the Inquisition. From his secure asylum upon the shores of Lake Lemano, Ochino continued to hold close and affectionate correspondence with those like minded with himself in Italy, and especially in Siena, and his sermons and works, though prohibited and cursed by the pope, were widely disseminated and read throughout the peninsula.

And now I must bring to a close these reminiscences of illustrious Siennese, by a notice of one who, though not born in Siena, was for many years professor in its university, on which he conferred great honor by the lustre of his genius and the brilliancy of his eloquence—Aonio Paleario. Born at Veroli, in Southern Italy, in 1503, he from his earliest years threw himself, heart and soul, into the revival of learning and letters, in that new birth of the intellect to which Europe, and Italy especially, were just awakening. When twenty-seven years old he visited Tuscany, and spent a year among like-minded friends of learning at Siena. Thence he proceeded to the University of Padua, principally in order to attend the lectures of Lampadius on Demosthenes. Within less than a year he was recalled to Siena by the danger of one of his friends in that city, Antonio Bellanti,

The family of Bellanti had rendered the most signal and distinguished service to the republic, only, however, to be repaid by base ingratitude. Their palace had been pillaged by the mob, and Antonio himself thrown into prison on a capital charge based upon an obsolete law of the republic which punished with death any one who introduced salt into the city to the detriment of the revenue. It is a sad illustration of the virulence of party hatred during the last years of the existence of the republic, that no one dared to undertake the defence of the accused. Paleario did not hesitate a moment, but hurried back to Siena, and before the Tribunal of the Republic, in one of the halls of the Palazzo Pubblico, delivered a magnificent oration in defence of his friend,—a discourse which, read now, after three centuries, would not seem unworthy of Cicero himself. His efforts were crowned with success, and his friend was acquitted; but so great was the danger that the successful advocate ran of assassination, that his friends persuaded him to leave Siena speedily and return to Padua. Nor did he return until after 1535, when the Spaniards had established their authority in the republic. Paleario could now live safely in Siena, and he gave lectures on philosophy and poetry, and completed his great poem on the Immortality of the Soul, intended to be a reply to Lucretius. He pur-

chased the villa of Cecignano, an estate near to Colle which had once been the property of that Aulus Cecina who was defended by Cicero, and married.

But Paleario was not only a poet, an orator, and an enthusiast for classical learning: he came of pious parents, among his intimate friends were some of the most eminent and pious churchmen of the day, and he longed for a thorough reformation of the Church without a schism. By degrees he awoke to the conviction that this was an impossibility; and when once he clearly perceived this, his position was decided. Henceforth his life was a constant struggle against the persecution of the Friars. They succeeded in driving him from the University of Siena, and he took refuge at Lucca, where he was appointed Professor of Eloquence. Here he remained from 1546 until 1555, in which year his implacable enemies compelled him to leave, and he repaired to Milan. He was constantly warned by his friends, of the danger of the boldness of his utterances as to the necessity of a reform of the Church, and that his only chance of safety was flight beyond the Alps; but he would not heed them, and indeed seemed to think that his mission in the world was to be a confessor. At the age of sixty-six he was arrested in Milan by the agents of the Inquisition, and taken as a prisoner to Rome.

There he was sentenced to death on the 15th of October, 1569, and the sentence was carried into execution on the 3d of July, 1570. And now let us turn to a letter preserved among the manuscripts in the Public Library of Siena. It is the farewell of Paleario to his wife and children, and is as follows:—

“ To Marietta Paleario.

“ MY DEAREST CONSORT:—I desire that thou shouldst not find displeasure in my pleasure, nor evil in my good. The hour has come when I must pass from this life to my Lord and Master and God. Very joyfully do I go to the marriage supper of the Son of the great King, as I have ever prayed my Lord that of His infinite goodness and bounty He would grant me admittance.

“ Therefore, my beloved consort, comfort thyself in the will of God and in my contentment, and look well to the little family left in deep dismay, and bring them up and guard them in the fear of God, and be thou to them both father and mother. I am already seventy years old and useless. Our sons must labor with virtue and with sweat of the brow to provide what is necessary to live honorably. May God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ and the Communion of the Holy Spirit be with your spirits. AONIO PALEARIO.

“ ROME, July 3, 1570.”

With this are a few lines to his sons, Lampridio and Fedro, in which he gives some directions about his small property. This letter thus begins:—

“ My most courteous lords (the Inquisitors) are not wanting in politeness to me to the very last, and allow me to write to you. It pleases God to call me to Himself by means that you

will understand, though they will appear bitter and sharp to you. If, however, you consider that it is with my entire contentment and satisfaction, in order to conform myself to the will of God, so it ought to content you."

It was on the evening of the 2d of July that eight members of the Confraternity of "San Giovanni decollato," a philanthropic society which devoted itself to rendering services to the condemned in the hour of death, presented themselves at the prison of Tordinona, and informed Paleario that he had only a few hours to live. They obtained permission for him to write the letters above quoted, and faithfully transmitted them to his wife at Colle. Just as day was breaking over the eternal city, he was led out to die. The scaffold was erected on the bridge of St. Angelo. He was strangled, and his body was then thrown into the flames. Truly, never did Christian philosopher and confessor go forth to meet his death with more sublime serenity.

It may be asked, how stands it now with Protestantism in the city of Ochino and Paleario? As in the greater part of Italy, in Spain, and elsewhere, the Holy Office did its work thoroughly, and crushed and burned out the Reformation. So far as I know, beyond one or two Swiss and English, there are no Protestants in Siena. A very handsome Waldensian temple was erected in a leading boulevard near to the

Church of St. Dominic more than a year ago, and though no service has yet been held there, yet as a large building is now in process of construction beside it to serve as a presbytery, it may be hoped that the church will soon be opened. Occasional Waldensian services are now held in the house of a Swiss resident.

But I have dwelt, I fear, too long upon the memory of some of those who shed lustre upon Siena by their genius and virtue in the past.

The old city sits a queen upon three hills, and from every point in the surrounding country its cathedral, its towers, and walls form a picture of singular beauty. In its mediæval walls, still intact and perfect, were once no fewer than thirty-eight gates; of these, thirty have been closed, so that eight remain open. The circuit of the walls is seven kilometres, and they enclose an irregular star-shaped space, a good deal of which is laid out in olive-yards and gardens. Once Siena numbered 100,000 inhabitants; now there are but 24,000. After the ravages of the plague, in 1348, and the last struggle for the freedom of the republic in 1554-5, many houses were razed, and the ground occupied by them was turned into gardens as we now see them. The surrounding country, as seen from the walls of the fortress, appears one great olive-yard and vineyard. The vines are either trained upon mulberries or upon other trees, rarely upon olives. In

the winter the gray, silvery sheen of the olives stands out against the bright red earth, which has given its name to "burnt Siena"; but with the spring the young corn planted everywhere between the olives and the mulberries covers the ground with exquisite verdure; and when the vines and other trees put out their leaves toward the middle of May, it is difficult to conceive of a fairer green than the country exhibits.

In a month or six weeks all is changed; hill and valley alike are golden with ripe grain, and as soon as the grain is harvested the land reverts to its native redness, though late in the autumn this is relieved by some green crops, as welcome to the eye as they doubtless are to the cattle for whose sustenance they are intended. Last year the yield of grapes was exceptionally abundant, and it was curious, as one drove along distant country lanes, to see great purple clusters hanging by the roadside from the topmost branches of oaks and other trees upon which the vines had been trained. At this season, too, women and boys are to be seen up among the branches gathering the grapes, and the great white, large-horned, meek-eyed oxen draw primitive vans through the fields on which are the tubs or baskets in which the grapes are collected. The landscape, as seen from the walls, is occasionally relieved by groves of the stone pine and

copses of oak and other trees. These latter are, I fear, becoming scarcer year by year, for the Sienese seem to have less respect for trees than even the Italians generally, and to have no compunction in cutting them down. There is but one exception to this sad rule, and that is the cypress, a grove or avenue of which every Italian gentleman strives to have around his villa. Very beautiful is its flame-like form, but after all not so beautiful as the oak, which nowhere flourishes better than here in Tuscany, if only allowed to do so. It is painful to look at the denuded condition of Italy as regards wood,¹ and then think of the magnificent forests of oak that have been felled within the last thirty years to provide sleepers for its railway system.

To return to the view from the walls of Siena.

¹ Since this article has been in type I have heard of an English family who, thirty years ago, found the neighborhood of Siena beautifully wooded with oaks. Twenty years later they returned to find the greater part felled, and two years since nearly all were gone. Men of good position and in other respects sane seem afflicted with a mischievous madness, which shows itself in an utter hatred of trees. A few years back, between the outer and inner gate at Camollia, was a superb avenue of ilex. Every tree was felled in one year by a tree-hating "Sindaco," and now in this most exposed place there is not a particle of shade against the blazing Italian sun. A mile outside the city are some fine villas, and there used to be some lovely shady lanes, with fine old oaks on either side, through whose umbrageous foliage the hot sun could not penetrate. These oaks have nearly all been slaughtered, the proprietor having no other idea but to make what he calls a "campo pulito"—a clean field; and even where along a little hollow flows a rivulet, erst shaded by willows, the fiat has gone forth, and all the trees are at this moment being felled. They make a desolation, and call it a "campo pulito."

The distant hill-sides are covered with ilex and oak, but for the most part only scrub, as the charcoal-burner is always at work, and long before the trees have reached maturity they fall before the inexorable axe. These hills stretch away, range beyond range, into the distance, and in the soft waning light present the most exquisite shades of purple. To the south the wooded Monte Amiata rises to a height of 5,600 feet, about half way distant between Siena and Rome, while to the north the main chain of the Apennines, on the confines of Modena, rises high above the other hills by which the city is surrounded, and in winter, deep in snow, and gleaming white in the sunshine, presents a truly Alpine appearance. When you enter one of the gates of Siena, you pass along narrow streets, many of which are so steep as to be impassable to vehicles. Along the more level streets come lumbering country wains, each drawn by two milk-white oxen, with great branching horns, and large, soft eyes. The *Contadine* from the surrounding district, with bright, handsome, wholesome faces and immense waving Tuscan hats, give much picturesqueness to the streets, as do the numerous ecclesiastics in their shovel hats and knee-breeches.

In August comes the great festival of the city, the Palio. Its origin is lost in hoar an-

tiquity. In fact, there is reason to believe that when only the summits of the three hills upon which Siena sits were built upon, the inhabitants used to come down to meet one another into what is now the Piazza del Campo, the great market-place. It is a true amphitheatre, having exactly the form of an immense upturned cockle-shell, and probably it was once the crater of a volcano. Its size may be estimated by the fact that it is said to hold, and indeed on at least one occasion has held, as many as 35,000 people, though half that number is sufficient to give it a crowded appearance. The principal building in the Piazza is the magnificent Palace of the Republic, standing now as strong and intact and perfect as if it had not witnessed the daily life, the games, and the life and death struggles of Siena in countless revolutions throughout nearly six centuries—for it was commenced in 1284 and finished about 1330. Rising gracefully by the side of the Palace of the Republic is the so-called Mangia Tower, which from every part of the city and for many miles around is visible, a miracle of lightness and strength. The Palazzo Pubblico, with the Mangia Tower, forms the diameter or base of the semicircle, and stands at the lowest part of the Piazza, while the semicircle of palaces faces it from higher ground in a regular amphitheatre. In remote

times the citizens used here to celebrate a game called "Elmora," which was in truth more than a game; it was a regular battle with sticks and stones and other weapons, and always caused the death of at least one citizen. For this, in 1291, was substituted boxing, which continued to be practised down to the beginning of the present century. But the public games of the "Contrade" began in 1482, in which year, for the first time, jousts and tourneys were held by them in the Piazza. From 1500 to 1599 the Contrade had annual bull-fights, to which each Contrada brought its own bull. A little fortress, too, was constructed and adorned with banners by each Contrada, in which the bull-fighters sought refuge when too closely pressed by the tormented animals. This cruel sport gave place, from 1600 to 1650, to races between buffaloes, each ridden by a jockey; but as this also was almost always accompanied by death or severe wounds to some of the competitors, in 1650 horses were substituted for buffaloes, and the races have thus been run down to the present day. The word "Contrada" simply means a street or district of the city, but the Contrade are more than lay corporations; each has a church, a distinctive banner, and special regulations of its own. They are probably as old as the republic itself. In 1328 there were fifty-nine of these Contrade. Thirteen ceased

to exist at the time of the plague, and twenty-three more after the siege. Six were suppressed in 1675 for having insulted the judges at the tourney of that year, thus leaving the seventeen which still remain. The Contrade mostly take their name from some animal, a picture of which is emblazoned upon their respective banners. These emblems are as follows: the tortoise (the most ancient), the goose, the tower, the giraffe, the conch-shell, the wood, the caterpillar, the wolf, the eagle, the owl, the wave, the dragon, the snail, the panther, the sheep, the unicorn, and the porcupine. Of these only ten are allowed to run horses at the Palio, the course being too narrow to admit of more with safety. For weeks before the event actually comes off the greatest excitement prevails throughout the city, every one being anxious for the success of the horse belonging to his or her Contrada. At length the great day arrives. The ten horses that are to run are led into the churches of their respective Contrade, and are there blessed by the priests. The banners of all the seventeen Contrade wave everywhere throughout the city. The people are crowded into the immense shell-like space of the Piazza del Campo, the centre of which is occupied by the spectators, as are tier upon tier of seats arranged against the ground-floor of the palaces, and also balconies at a higher level.

The course is a stone pavement, about thirty feet wide, on the outside circumference of the Piazza, and exactly below the tiers of seats at the base of the palaces. It is now covered three or four inches deep with sand and earth, and even with this concession it seems a desperate course for mortal horses to run. Not only are the turns short and sharp, but there are constant steep ascents and descents. Where the descending slope is steepest, near the beautiful little chapel erected hard by the Palazzo Pubblico, not only have boardings been freely erected, but they have been well padded with beds and mattresses, to give if possible a soft reception to any unfortunate rider who may be spilt here. A troop of Carbineers, who, throughout Italy, are employed on police duty, and who are particularly fine men, well horsed, and with superb uniforms, canter round the course two or three times to clear it of people.

The appearance of the Piazza during last year's Palio was at this moment very striking. An old gentleman, in one of the balconies, who said he was seventy-four years old, and that he had witnessed more than fifty Palios, estimated the number of people present at nearly 30,000. He was, of course, a *laudator temporis acti*, and thought the present show very inferior to those of his youth. Probably, however, the change was more in the spectator than in the scene.

The tiers of seats crowded with gayly dressed spectators, the bright-colored clothing of the crowd, the characteristic immense broad-waving Tuscan hats of the countrywomen, the waving of fans, the hum of many voices, like the roar of the sea when the wind drives shoreward its thundering breakers; the grand old palaces decked out for the occasion, on whose topmost balconies up to the towers and roofs were grouped spectators; the music of the bands, the roll of the drums, the waving of banners, the signal shots from mortars, the capering of the horses, and the wild joy of an entire people, together formed a strange and intoxicating *tout ensemble* of movement, color, and sound. The clusters of many-colored elastic balloons, inflated by the venders and floated up almost to the level of the roofs of the palace, were a distinct addition to the brightness of the scene.

But now, in a moment, every voice is hushed and every neck is craned. From the street Casato, preceded by a band of music, appear the representatives of the seventeen Contrade, greeted by the applause of their respective partisans. Each Contrada is represented by a captain, clothed in splendid armor; two ensigns, who act as wavers of banners; a first page, who walks by himself, carrying a banner on his shoulder; a drummer and four other pages, all attired in the brilliant and picturesque

fashion of the Middle Ages. Then follows the horse of parade, a show horse, richly caparisoned, bearing a rider armed cap-à-pie as a knight; and, lastly, the horse that is to do the running, without even a saddle, and quite without ornament. Where these horses are procured, or how selected, I do not know; they must be chosen for qualities of speed or endurance, but they are said to be horses that, except on this festal day, are busy all the year round drawing carts and performing other humble duties. They are little creatures and have a weedy appearance. The bright colors of the costumes of the Middle Ages, the plumes on the helmets, the burnished cuirasses, the rich caparisons of the horses, the flashing swords, the gracefully attired pages, the bold knights, the dexterous ensigns,—who, proud of their office, wave their banners in a thousand capricious curves, yet so that they always remain unfurled, and every now and again, hurl them into the air, catching them with wonderful agility,—and the captains with a grave and solemn air, befitting the dignity of their position—in short, all this wealth of costume, all this varied luxury of dress and of arms, carries even the most matter-of-fact beholder many centuries backward on the stream of time, to the days of embattled castles with moats and drawbridges, and of jousts and tourneys. Cer-

tainly our modern dress, when placed side by side with that of the Middle Ages, looks mean and common indeed.

As the Contrade defile past the balcony, where sit the judges of the course, they stop to salute them, to wave their banners, and to throw them into the air. Last comes the "Caroccio," or sacred war-car of the republic, the pride of the ancestors of those who now surround it, in defence of which the flower of the youth of Siena bled and died on many a hard-fought field. It is adorned with the standard which waved at the famous battle of Monte Aperto, and with the banners of all the Contrade of Siena. The representatives of the Contrade, nearly 200 in all, now range themselves on tiers of seats, appropriately raised at the foot of the Palazza Pubblico; and a wonderful picture the old palace makes, with the graceful Mangia Tower rising beside it,—its windows alive with gay and happy faces, and at its base a perfect parterre of bright colors, formed by the representatives of the Contrade. The roll of drums ceases, the many-colored banners are no longer waved, the music is hushed, and there only remains the murmur of the agitated and expectant crowd. The show having finished, the business of the day now begins. The horses that are to compete are ridden bare-backed. However humble their

ordinary employment, they seem now affected by the general enthusiasm around them, and are eager for the start. Hark! the roll of the drum, the report of a gun, the rope falls, and the ten horses are off in a wild gallop. The partisans of the respective Contrade are in a state of great excitement, and cheer their champions on with frantic cries. The horse of the "Lupo" (wolf) is a little ahead of any of the others; but that of the "Torre" (tower) presses him hard, although the rider of the latter had been thrown and slightly hurt at the trial race in the morning. There is a sharp struggle between the two riders with their leather thongs, the horses all the time at full gallop, and then the horse of the "Torre" shoots ahead, passes the starting-point for the third time, and wins. The Contrada of the Torre is that which surrounds the Mangia Tower and the Palazza Pubblico, and great is the delight of its inhabitants. A woman begins to ring the bell of the chapel of the Piazza. The victorious rider receives the prize from the hands of the judges, and the flag with the date, glorious for him and for his Contrada, worked upon it. It is difficult to say whether man or horse is the hero of the hour; both are greeted with transports of joy, and are even fondly embraced by both men and women. They are then led in triumph into a church, where a

priest intones the "Te Deum," amid the "Evvivas" of the people, for the Italians see nothing irreverent in this strange proceeding.

About a fortnight after the Palio, the conquering Contrada gives a dinner to the representatives of all the other Contrade. This year it took place in a narrow street at one side of the Palazzo Pubblico, right down the middle of which tables were placed. On either side the houses were brilliantly illuminated with tapers and Chinese lanterns of many colors, and of its kind, nothing could be more picturesque. This dinner takes place at 9 P. M., and lasts far into the night. The narrow old street, with its lofty houses lighted from basement to garret, with here a triumphal arch of evergreens, and there a transparency of the arms of the Contrada; the interested, but most orderly citizens of Siena, with their wives and children, assisting at the banquet by walking down one side of the tables and up the other; the narrow streak of soft blue Italian sky between the house-tops on either side, illuminated by a full clear moon which, being in the zenith, looked down upon the festivity;—altogether formed a really charming tableau.

I am assured that there is little drunkenness, and not much betting on these occasions. Certainly I, personally, saw no drunkenness, nor did I hear any bets made. This is, how-

ever, strictly negative evidence, and one would expect a great deal of betting in a country, where in every town, little and great, there is an office for the sale of tickets in the Government and Municipal Lotteries, institutions for national demoralization worthy only of the darkest of dark ages. Be this as it may, I never beheld a gentler or more well-behaved crowd, and the great Piazza was quickly emptied by means of the eleven streets or passages which open into it.

St. Catherine speaks of the *sangue dolce* of her beloved Sienese ; and there is a feeling in the city that it is not consistent with this trait of their character that the riders at the Palio should be allowed to strike one another with their whips, a clear survival from the old days when the "Elmora" always counted its victims slain, and boxing and bull-fighting were the order of the day.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

By FREDERIC HARRISON.

THE stormy antipathies of Thomas Carlyle have to answer for many a miscarriage of historical justice ; but for none more unfounded than that superior air with which he teaches the nineteenth century to sit in judgment on the eighteenth. "The age of prose, of lying of sham," said he, "the fraudulent-bankrupt century, the reign of Beelzebub, the peculiar era of Cant." And so growls on our Teufelsdröckh through thirty octavo volumes, from the first philosophy of clothes to the last hour of Friedrich.

Invectives against a century are even more unprofitable than indictments against a nation. We are prepared for them in theology, but they have quite gone out of serious history. Whatever else it may be, we may take it that the nineteenth century is the product of the eighteenth, as that was in turn the product of the seventeenth ; and if the Prince of Darkness had so lately a hundred years of rule in Europe, to what fortunate event do we owe

our own deliverance, and indeed the nativity of Thomas Carlyle? But surely invectives were never more out of place, than when hurled at a century which was simply the turning epoch of the modern world, the age which gave birth to the movements wherein we live, and to all the tasks that we yet labor to solve. Look at the eighteenth century on all sides of its manifold life, free the mind from that lofty pity with which prosperous folks are apt to remember their grandfathers, and we shall find it in achievement the equal of any century since the Middle Ages in promise and suggestion and preparation, the century which most deeply concerns ourselves.

Though Mr. Carlyle seems to count it the sole merit of the eighteenth century to have provided us the French Revolution (the most glorious bonfire recorded in profane history), it is not a little curious that almost all his heroes in modern times, apart from Oliver Cromwell, are children and representatives of that unspeakable epoch. Such were Friedrich, Mirabeau and Danton, George Washington, Samuel Johnson and Robert Burns, Watt and Arkwright; and, for more than half of the century, and for more than half his work, so was Goethe himself. It wouds strange to accuse of unmitigated gross-emb, and quackery the age which gave us these then and which produced, besides, "Robinson

Crusoe," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," the "Elegy in a Church-yard," and the lines "To Mary," and "To my Mother's Picture," Berkeley's dialogues and Burke's addresses, Reynold and Gainsborough, Flaxman and Stothard, Handel and Mozart. But one remembers that according to the Teufelsdröckhian cosmogony, great men are dropped *ab extra* into their age, much as some philosophers assure us that protoplasm, or the primitive germ of life, was casually dropped upon our planet by a truant ærolite.

A century which opens with the "Rape of the Lock," and closes with the first part of "Faust," is hardly a century of mere prose, especially if we throw in Gray, Cowper, and Burns, the "Ancient Mariner" and the "Lyrical Ballads." A century which includes twenty years of the life of Newton, twenty-three of Wren, and sixteen of Leibnitz, and the whole lives of Hume, Kant, Adam Smith, Gibbon, and Priestley, is not the age of mere shallowness; nor is the century which founded the monarchy of Prussia and the empire of Britain, which gave birth to the republic in America and then in France, and which finally recast modern society and formed our actual habits, the peculiar era of quackeries, bonfires, and suicides. Measure it justly by the light of scientific history, and not by the tropes of some Biblical Saga, and it holds its own beside the greatest epochs in the

modern world ; of all modern eras perhaps the richest, most various, most creative. It raised to the rank of sciences, chemistry, botany, and zoölogy ; it created the conception of social science and laid its foundations ; it produced the historical schools and the economic school of England and of France, the new *Metaphysic* of Germany, the new *Music* of Germany ; it gave birth to the new poetic movement in England, to the new romance literature of England and of France, to the true prose literature of Europe ; it transformed material life by manifold inventions and arts ; it transformed social life no less than political life ; it found modern civilization in a military phase, it left it in an industrial phase : it found modern Europe fatigued, oppressed with worn-out forms, uneasy with the old life, uncertain and hopeless about the new ; it left modern Europe recast without and animated with a new soul within, burning with life, hope, and energy.

The habit of treating a century as an organic whole, with a character of its own, is the beaten pathway to superficial comparison. History, after all, is not grouped into natural periods of one hundred years, as different from each other as the life of the son from that of his father. Nor, whatever, the makers of chronologies may say, does mankind really turn over a new page

in the great Record, so soon as the period of one hundred years is complete. The genius of any time, even though it be in a single country, even in one city, is a thing too marvellously complex to be hit off by epithets from the Minor Prophets or Gargantuan anathemas and nicknames. And as men are not born at the beginning of a century, and do not die at the end of it, but grow, flourish, and decay year by year and hour by hour, we are ever entering on a new epoch and completing an old one, did we but know it, on the first day of every year we live, nay at the rising and setting of every sun.

But, though a century be an arbitrary period, as purely conventional as a yard or a mile, and though every century has a hundred characters of its own, and as many lives and as many results, we must for convenience take note of conventional limits, and fix our attention on special features as the true physiognomy of an epoch. History altogether is a wilderness, till we parcel it out into sections more or less arbitrary, choosing some class of facts out of the myriads that stand recorded, steadily turning our eyes from those which do not concern our immediate purpose. And so, we can think of a century as in some sort a definite whole, in some sense inspired with a definite spirit, and leading to a set of definite results. And we are quite right in so doing, provided we keep a

watchful and balanced mind, in no mechanical way, and in no rhetorical or moralizing mood, but in order to find what is general, dominant, and central.

If we seek for some note to mark off the eighteenth from all other centuries we shall find it in this: it was the time of final maturing to the great Revolution in Europe, the mightiest change in all human history. By revolution we mean, not the blood-stained explosion and struggle in France which was little but one of its symptoms and incidents, but that resettlement of modern life common to all parts of the civilized world; which was at once religious, intellectual, scientific, social, moral, political, and industrial; a resettlement whereon the whole fabric of human society in the future is destined to rest. The era as a whole (so far from being trivial, sceptical, fraudulent, or suicidal) was, in all its central and highest moments, an era of hope, enterprise, industry, and humanity; full of humane eagerness for improvement, trusting human nature, and earnestly bent on human good. It sadly miscalculated the difficulties and risks, and it strangely undervalued the problems it attempted to solve with so light a heart. Instead of being really the decrepit imposture amongst the ages, it was rather the *naïf* and confident youngster. The work of political reformation on which it engaged in a

spirit of artful benevolence brought down on its head a terrible rebuff ; and it left us thereby a heritage of confusion and strife. But the hurly-burly at Versailles and the Reign of Terror are no more the essence of the eighteenth century, than the Irish atrocities and the Commune of Paris are the essence of the nineteenth. Political chaos, rebellions, and wars are at most but a part of a century's activity, and sometimes indeed but a small part.

In the core, the epoch was hearty, manly, humane ; second to none in energy, mental, practical, and social ; full of sense, work, and good-fellowship. Its manliness often fattened into grossness ; soon to show new touches of exquisite tenderness. Its genius for enterprise plunged it into changes, and prepared for us evils which it little foresaw. But the work was all undertaken in genuine zeal for the improvement of human life. If its poetry was not of the highest of all orders, the century created a new order of poetry. If its art was on the whole below the average, in the noble art of music it was certainly supreme. In philosophy, science, moral and religious truth, it was second to none that went before. In politics it ended in a most portentous catastrophe. But the very catastrophe resulted from its passion for truth and reform. Nor is it easy for us now to see how the catastrophe could have been avoided,

even if we see our way to avoid such catastrophes again. And in such a cause it was better to fail in striving after the good than to perish by acquiescing in the evil. If one had to give it a name, I would rather call it the *humane* age (in spite of revolutions, wars, and fashionable corruption); for it was the era when humanity first distinctly perceived the possibilities and conditions of mature human existence.

It would be easy enough to find scores of names, facts, and events to the contrary of all this; but it would be quite as easy to find scores to the contrary of any opinion about any epoch. A century is a mass of contradictions by the necessity of the case; for it is made up of every element to be found in human nature. The various incidents are in no way to be overlooked; neither are they to be exaggerated. To balance the qualities of an epoch, we must analyze them all separately, compare them one by one, and then find the centre of gravity of the mass. England will concern us in the main; but the spirit of the age can never be strictly confined to its action in any one country. Such movements as the Renaissance in the sixteenth, or the Revolution in the eighteenth century, are especially common to Europe. It would be impossible to understand the eighteenth century in England, if we wholly shut our eyes to the movements abroad of which the English phase

was the reflex and organ. Nor must we forget how much our judgment of the eighteenth century is warped (it is obvious that Mr. Carlyle's was entirely formed) by literary standards and impressions. Literature has been deluged with the affectations, intrigues, savagery, and uncleanness of the eighteenth century. Other centuries had all this in at least equal degree; but the eighteenth was the first to display it in pungent literary form. Industry, science, invention, and benevolence were less tempting fields for these brilliant penmen. And thus an inordinate share of attention is given to the quarrels of poets, the vices of courts, and the grimacing of fops. It is the business of serious history to correct the impression which torrents of smart writing have left on the popular mind.

We are all rather prone to dwell on the follies and vices of that era, with which we are more familiar than we are with any other, almost more than we are with our own. It is the first age, since that of Augustus, which ever left inimitable pictures of its own daily home existence. We recall to mind so easily the ladies of quality at the Spectator's routs, the rioters and intriguers of Hervey's memoirs, and of Walpole's, and of "the little Burney's"; the Squire Westerns, the Wilkeses and the Queensberry's; the Hell-fire clubs and the Rake's Progresses; the political invectives of Junius and Burke;

the Courts of St. James' and Versailles; the prisons, the assizes, the parties of pleasure to Bedlam and to Bridewell; the Wells at Tunbridge, Bath, and Epsom; the masquerades at Vauxhall and Ranelagh; the taverns, the streets, the Mohawks, and the Duellists; the gin-drinking and the bull-baiting, the gambling and the swindling; and a thousand pictures of social life by a crowd of consummate artists. Perhaps we study these piquant miniatures with too lively a gust. The question is not whether such things were, but what else there was also. The pure, the tender, the just, the merciful, is there as well, patiently toiling in the even tenor of its way; and if we look for it honestly, we shall find it a deeper, wider, more effective force in the main, shaping the issue in the end for good.

Addison and Steele were not the greatest of teachers, but they have mingled with banter about fans and monsters something deeper and finer, such as none had touched before; something of which six generations of moralists have never given us the like. "To love her was a liberal education." Is there a nobler or profounder sentence in our language? It is a phrase to dignify a nation, and to purify an age; yet it was flung off by "poor Dick," one of the gayest wits, for one of the lightest hours of a most artificial society. Western, be it not forgotten,

was the name not only of a boisterous fox-hunter, but of the most lovable woman in English fiction. What a mass of manly stuff does our English soil seem to breed as we call up the creations of Fielding ! What homes of sturdy vigor do we enter as we turn over the pages of Defoe, and Swift, and Smollett, and Goldsmith, and Johnson ; or again in the songs of Burns, or the monotonous lines of Crabbe ; or in such glimpses of English firesides as we catch in the young life of Miss Edgeworth, or in our old friend "Sandford and Merton," or the record of Scott's early years, or the life of Adam Smith, or Bishop Berkeley ! What a world of hardihood and patience is there, in the lives of Captain Cook, and Watt, Brindley, and Arkwright, Metcalfe, and Wedgwood ! What spiritual tenderness in the letters of Cowper, and the memoirs of Wesley, Howard, Wilberforce, and scores of hard workers, just spirits, and faithful hearts who were the very breath and pulse of the eighteenth century ! What a breeze from the uplands plays round those rustic images in all forms of art ; the art often thin and tame itself, but the spirit like the fragrance of new hay ; in such paintings as Morland's, or such poems as Thomson's, Beattie's, and Somerville's, or such prose as Fielding's, Goldsmith's, and Smollett's !

"How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !"

If in that mass of toiling, daring, hearty, simple life, we think overmuch of the riot of Fashion and the gossip of Courts, the fault is perhaps with those who look to Fashion for the key-note, and care more for crowds than they care for homes.

A century is never, we have said, a really organic whole, but a group of various movements taken up and broken off at two arbitrary points. The eighteenth is as little a whole as any other; but we may group it into parts in some degree thus. The first ten or fifteen years are clearly more akin to the seventeenth century than the eighteenth. Locke, Newton, and Leibnitz; Wallis and Wren; Burnet and Somers; James II, Louis XIV, and William III; Bossuet and Fénelon lived into the century, and Dryden lived up to it—but none of these belong to it. As in French history it is best to take the age of Louis by itself, so in English history it is best to take the Whig Revolution by itself; for Anne is not easily parted from her sister, nor is Marlborough to be severed from William and Portland. In every sense the reign of Anne was the issue and crown of the movement of 1688, and not the forerunner of that of 1789. For all practical purposes, the eighteenth century in England means the reigns of the first three Georges. This space we must group into three periods of unequal length :—

1. From the accession of the House of Hanover (1714), down to the fall of Walpole (1742). This is the age of Bolingbroke and Walpole; Swift, Defoe, Pope, Addison, Steele, Bishop Berkeley, and Bishop Butler, Halley, Stephen Gray, and Bradley.

2. From the fall of Walpole (1742) to the opening of the French Revolution (1789). It is the age of Chatham, of Frederick, Washington, and Turgot; of Wolfe, Clive, and Hastings, Rodney and Anson; of Gibbon and Robertson; of Hume and Adam Smith; of Kant, Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau; of Richardson and Fielding, Sterne and Smollett, Johnson and Goldsmith; of Cowper and Gray, Thomson and Beattie; of Reynolds and Gainsborough, Hogarth and Garrick; of Cook, Watt, Arkwright, Brindley, Herschel, Black, Priestley, Hunter, Franklin, and Cavendish; of Handel, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart; of Wesley, Whitefield, Howard, and Raikes.

This is the central typical period of the eighteenth century, with a note of its own; some fifty years of energy, thought, research, adventure, invention, industry; of good fellowship, a zest for life, and a sense of humanity.

3. Lastly, come some twelve years of the Revolution (1789-1801): a mere fragment of a larger movement that cannot be limited to any country or any century; the passion and the

strife, the hope and the foreshadowing of things that were to come and things that are not come. It is the age of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Grattan ; of Cornwallis and Nelson ; of Bentham and Romilly, Wilberforce and Clarkson ; of Goethe and Burns, Coleridge and Wordsworth ; of Telford and Stevenson ; of Flaxman, Bewick, Romney, and Stothard ; the youth of Sir H. Davy, Scott, Beethoven, and Turner ; the boyhood of Byron and Shelley.

It is impossible to omit this critical period of the century, though we too often forget that it forms an integral part of it, quite as truly as the age of Pope or the age of Johnson. The century is not intelligible if we cast out of it the mighty crisis in which it ended, to which it was leading all along ; or if we talk of that New Birth as a bonfire or a suicide. Even in art we are apt to forget that the century of Pope and Johnson it was that gave us "Faust," the "Ancient Mariner," "The Task," the "Lyrical Ballads," Flaxman, Stothard's, and Blake's delicate and weird fancies, Turner's first marine, Beethoven's early sonatas, and Scott's translations from the German. All that we value as specially distinctive of our age lay in embryo in many a quiet home, whilst the struggle raged at its hottest on the banks of the Seine, or on the Rhine, the Po, and the Nile.

When the eighteenth century opened, the

supremacy in Europe belonged to England, as it has hardly ever belonged before or since. In William III she had one of the greatest and most successful of all modern statesmen, the one great ruler she ever had since Cromwell. The Revolution of 1688 had placed her in the van of freedom, industry, and thought. Her armies were led by one of the most consummate soldiers in modern history. Her greatest genius in science, her greatest genius in architecture, and one of her wisest spirits in philosophy, were in full possession of their powers; "glorious John," the recognized chief of the Restoration poets, was but just dead, and his young rival was beginning to unfold his yet more consummate mastery of rhyme. The founders of English prose were equipping our literature with a new arm, the easy and flexible style of modern prose; Swift, Addison, and Defoe were the first to show its boundless resources, nor has any improvement being added to their art. The nation was full of energy, wealth, and ambition; and it still glowed with the sense of freedom, with all that it shook off in the train of the Stuarts.

We should count the last days of William and the whole reign of Anne rather with the Revolution of 1688, of which they were the fruit, than with the Hanoverian period, for which they paved the way. And thus we may pass the

campaigns of Churchill, and the overthrow of Louis, and all else that was the sequel and corollary of the struggle with the Stuarts. On the other hand, when we reach the close of the century, England is struggling with a movement which she had only indirectly created, but which she was equally unable to develop or to guide. The characteristic period of the eighteenth century for England is that between the death of Anne and the great war with the Republic (1714-1793). The first fourteen years of the century belong to the history of the English Revolution: the last years to the history of the French Revolution. The eighty years of comparative non-intervention and rest are for Englishmen, at least, the typical years of the eighteenth century.

It was an era of peace. Indeed it was the first era of systematic peace. In spite of Fontenoy and Minden, Belleisle and Quiberon Bay, it was the first period in our history where the internal welfare of the nation took recognized place before the interests of the dynasty, and its prestige in Europe. The industrial prosperity of the nation, and the supreme authority of Parliament, were made, for the first time in our history, the guiding canons of the statesman. Walpole is the statesman of the eighteenth century; a statesman of a solid, albeit a somewhat vulgar type. If history was the

digest of pungent anecdote, it would be easy to multiply epigrams about the corruption of Walpole. Yet, however unworthy his method, or gross his nature, Robert Walpole created the modern statesmanship of England. The imperial Chatham in one sense developed, in another sense distorted, the policy of Walpole, much as the First Consul developed and distorted the revolutionary defence of France. And so the early career of William Pitt was a mere prolongation of the system of Walpole: purer in method, and more scientific in aim, but less efficient in result. Alas! after ten glorious years as the minister of peace and of reform, Pitt's career and his very nature were transformed by that aristocratic panic which made him the unwilling instrument of reaction. But Walpole has left a name that is a symbol of peace, as that of Chatham and of Pitt is a symbol of war. And thus Walpole remains, with all his imperfections on his head, the veritable founder of our industrial statesmanship, the parliamentary father of Fox, of Peel, of Cobden, of Gladstone.

That industrial organization of peace by means of a parliamentary government was the true work of our eighteenth century; for the European triumphs of Anne should be counted among the fruits of the heroic genius of William, and the crusade of Pitt against the Republic

should be counted as a backward step of reactionary panic. It was not well done by the statesmen of peace, that industrial organization of England; it was most corruptly and ignobly done—but it was done. And it ended (we must admit) in a monstrous perversion. The expansion of wealth and industry which the peace-policy of Walpole begot, stimulated the nation to seek new outlets abroad, and led to the conquest of a vast empire. When the eighteenth century opened, the King of England ruled, outside of these islands, over some two or three millions at the most. When the nineteenth century opened, these two or three had become at least a hundred millions. The colonies and settlements in America and in Australia, the maritime dependencies, the Indies East and West, were mainly added to the Crown during the eighteenth century, and chiefly by the imperial policy of Chatham. So far as they were a genuine expansion of our industrial life, they are a permanent honor of the age; so far as they are the prizes of ambitious adventure, they were the reversal of the system of Walpole. It was Chatham, says his bombastic monument in Guildhall, who made commerce to flourish by war. It is an ignoble epitaph, though Burke himself composed it. But for good or for evil, it was the policy and the age of the two Pitts

which gave England her gigantic colonial and maritime empire. And whether it be her strength and glory as many think it, or her weakness and burden as I hold it, it was assuredly one of the most momentous crises in the whole of our history.

A change, at least as momentous, was effected at home from within. The latter half of the eighteenth century converted our people from a rural to a town population, made this essentially a manufacturing, not an agricultural country, and established the factory system. No industrial revolution so sudden and so thorough can be found in the history of our island. If we put this transformation of active life beside the formation of the empire beyond the seas, we shall find England swung round into a new world, as, in so short a time, has hardly ever befallen a nation. The change which in three generations has trebled our population, and made the old kingdom the mere heart of a huge Empire, led to portentous consequences both moral and material which were hardly understood till our own day. It is the singular boast of the nineteenth century to have covered this island with vast tracks of continuous cities and works, factories and pits; but it was the eighteenth century which made this possible. Appalling as are many of the forms which the fabulous expansion of industry has taken to-day,

it is too late now to deplore or resist it. The best hours of the twentieth century, we all trust, will be given to reform the industrial extravagances of the nineteenth century ; but it will be possible only on condition of accepting the industrial revolution which the eighteenth century brought about.

Whatever be the issue of this great change in English life, there can be no question about the sterling qualities of the men to whose genius and energy it was due. The whole history of the English race has no richer page than that which records those hardy mariners who with Cook and Anson girdled the globe ; the inventors and workers who made the roads and the canals, the docks and the light-houses, the furnaces and the mines, the machines and the engines ; the art-potters like Wedgwood, inspired spinners like Crompton, road-makers like the blind Metcalfe, engineers like Smeaton, discoverers like Watt, canal-makers like Bridgewater and Brindley, engravers like Bewick, opticians like Dollond, inventors like Arkwright. Let us follow these men into their homes and their workshops, watch their lives of indefatigable toil, of quenchless vision into things beyond ; let us consider their patience, self-denial, and faith before we call their age of all others that of quackery, bankruptcy, and fraud. We may believe it rather the age of science, industry and invention.

A striking feature of those times was the dispersion of intellectual activity in many local centres, though the entire population of the island was hardly twice that of London to-day. Birmingham, Manchester, Derby, Bristol, Norwich, Leeds, Newcastle, and other towns were potent sources of science, art, and culture, and all the more vigorous that they depended little on the capital. A hundred years ago the population and extent of Birmingham were hardly one hundredth part of what they are now. But what a wealth of industry, courage, science, and genius in that quiet Midland village lay grouped round Dr. Darwin and his Lunar Society; with James Watt and Matthew Boulton, then at work on their steam-engine; and Murdoch, the inventor of gas-lighting; and Wedgwood, the father of the Potteries; and Hutton the bookseller, and Baskerville the printer, and Thomas Day, and Lovell Edgeworth: a group to whom often came Franklin, and Smeaton, and Black, and, in their centre their great philosopher and guide and moving spirit, the noble Joseph Priestley. Little as we think of it now, that group, where the indomitable Boulton kept open house, was a place of pilgrimage to the ardent minds of Europe; it was one of the intellectual cradles of modern civilization. And it is interesting to remember that our great Charles Darwin is on

both sides the grandson of men who were leading members of that Lunar Society, itself a provincial Royal Society. What forces lay within it! What a giant was Watt, fit to stand beside Gutenberg and Columbus, as one of the few whose single discoveries have changed the course of human civilization! And, if we chose one man as a type of the intellectual energy of the century, we could hardly find a better than Joseph Priestley, though his was not the greatest mind of the century. His versatility, eagerness, activity, and humanity; the immense range of his curiosity, in all things physical, moral, or social; his place in science, in theology, in philosophy, and in politics; his peculiar relation to the Revolution, and the pathetic story of his unmerited sufferings, may make him the hero of the eighteenth century.

The strength of the century lay neither in politics nor in art; it lay in the breadth of understanding. In political genius, in poetry, in art, the eighteenth was inferior to the seventeenth century, and even to the sixteenth; in moral, in social, and in material development it was far inferior to the nineteenth. But in philosophy, in science, in mental versatility, it has hardly any equal in the ages. Here, especially, it is impossible to limit the view to one country. Politics, industry, and art are local.

Science and research know nothing of country, have no limitations of tongue, race, or government. In philosophy, then, the century numbers :—Leibnitz, Vico, Berkeley, Montesquieu, Diderot, D' Alembert, Condorcet, Kant, Turgot, Hume, Adam Smith. In science, it counts Buffon, Linnæus, Lavoisier, Laplace, Lamarck, Lagrange, Halley, Herschel, Franklin, Priestley, Black, Cavendish, Volta, Galvani, Bichat, and Hunter. To interpret its ideas, it had such masters of speech as Voltaire, Rousseau, Swift, Johnson, Gibbon, Lessing, Goethe, and Burke. It organized into sciences (crystallizing the data till then held in solution) physics, chemistry, botany, zoölogy, comparative anatomy, electricity, psychology, and the elements of social science, both in history and in statics. It threw up these three dominant movements : (1) the idea of law in mind and in society, that is, the first postulate of mental and social science ; (2) that genius for synthesis of which the work of Buffon, of Linnæus, and the *Encyclopædia* itself, were all phases ; (3) that idea of social reconstruction, of which the New Régime of '89, the American Republic, and our reformed Parliament are all products. The seventeenth century can show perhaps a list of greater separate names, if we add those in poetry, politics, and art. But for mass, result, multiplicity, and organic power, it may be

doubted if any century in modern history has more to show than the eighteenth.

There is this stamp upon every stroke of eighteenth-century work: the habit of regarding things as wholes, bearing on life as a whole. Their thirst for knowledge is a practical, organic, working thing; their minds grasp a subject all round, to turn it to a useful end. The encyclopedic spirit animates all: with a genius for clearness, comprehension, and arrangement. It was for the most part somewhat premature, often impatient, at times shallow, as was much of the work of Voltaire, Diderot, Johnson, and Goldsmith. But the slightest word of such men has to my ear a human ring, a living voice that I recognize as familiar. It awakens me, and I am conscious of being face to face with an interpreter of humanity to men. When they write histories whole centuries glow with life; we see and we hear the mighty tramp of ages. In twelve moderate octavos, through all which not a sentence could belong to any other book, Gibbon has compressed the history of the world during more than a thousand years. Is there in all prose literature so perfect a book as this? In these days we write histories on far profounder methods; but for the story of ten ordinary years Mr. Freeman and Mr. Froude will require a thousand pages; and Macaulay's brilliant annals, we are told, needed more time to write than the events needed to happen.

I often take up my Buffon. They tell us now that Buffon hardly knew the elements of his subject, and lived in the paleozoic era of science. It may be, but I find in Buffon a commanding thought, the Earth and its living races in orderly relation, and in the centre Man with his touch of them and his contrast to them. What organic thought glows in every line of his majestic scheme! What suggestions in it, what an education it is in itself! And if Buffon is not a man of science, assuredly he is a philosopher. No doubt, his ideas of fibres and cells were rudimentary, his embryology weak, and his histology rude; but he had the root of the matter when he treated of animals as living organisms, and not simply as accumulations of microscopic particles. Now, Buffon is a typical worker of the eighteenth century, at its high-water mark of industry, variety of range, human interest, and organizing life.

We may take Adam Smith, Hume, Priestley, Franklin; they are four of the best types of the century; with its keen hold on moral, social, and physical truth at once; its genius for scientific and for social observation; its inexhaustible curiosity; and its continual sense that Man stands face to face with Nature. They felt the grand dualism of all knowledge in a way that perhaps we fail to grasp it with our infinity of special information, and a certain hankering

after spiritualities that we doubt, and infinitesimal analyses which cease to fructify. Adam Smith, the first (alas! perhaps the last) real economist, did not devote his life to polishing up a theory of rent. Astronomy, society, education, government, morals, psychology, language, art, were in turns the subject of his study, and in all he was master; they all moved him alike, as part of man's work on earth. He never would have founded Political Economy if he had merely been an economist. And all this is more true of Hume, with a range even wider, an insight keener, a judgment riper, a creative method even more original. And so, Priestley and Franklin: as keen about gases and electric flashes as about the good of the commonwealth and the foundations of human belief. And when Turgot, himself one of the best of this band of social reformers, said of Franklin—

Eripuit cælo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis,

it is true, in a wide sense, of them all, and especially of Turgot himself. They all sought to conquer the earth, as the dwelling-place of a reformed society of men.

This encyclopedic, social spirit belongs to all alike. We recognize in all the zeal to make their knowledge fruitful, systematic, common to all, useful to man. Out of fashion as such a

thing is to us, every sentence they utter bears its meaning on its face ; every book, every voyage, every discovery, is hailed with *eureka* through Europe ; the voyages of travellers, or the surgical operation for cataract, instantly affect history, morals, logic, and philosophy. They cannot rest till every corner of the planet is explored, till the races of man are compared, and the products of the earth are stored in museums, classified in orders, grouped into kingdoms. Science and social life, nay, philosophy and morals were strangely transformed when the limits and the form of Man's Earth were first exactly realized. Cook and Banks, Anson and Bougainville, reveal to Europe the antipodes, and their human, brute, and vegetable worlds ; and every science and every art is alive with new ideas ; history, philosophy, morals, and social economy, are lit up with new laws. We see the same thing to-day ; but the sacred fire perhaps burns with a soberer flame ; the wonder and the sympathy are a little dulled by use ; and through the mountains of our materials the volcanic shock of a new truth is less distinctly felt.

The universal human interest of these men throbs in every page they write. Defoe is politician, romancer, theologian, economist, pamphleteer, and philosopher. Swift is all this, verse-maker, and many things besides. Voltaire

is poet, historian, critic, moralist, letter-writer, polemist, arbiter in science, philosophy, and art in general; like Virgil's monster, with a hundred tongues and a hundred throats of brass. Diderot was a very encyclopedic Briareus. But the intense social aim comes out in all alike, however different in nature and taste. Cowper himself has it, as he sits beside his tea-urn, watches his hare and his spaniel, or apostrophizes his sofa. Fielding clothes it with flesh and blood, hot blood and solid flesh; it lights up the hackwork of Goldsmith, and sheds a fragrance forever through his lovely idyl of the Vicar's home; Johnson in his arm-chair thunders it out as law to the club; Bentham tears up the old Statute-book by passionate appeals to the greatest happiness of the greatest number; Burns sang for it the songs which will live forever in English homes; Hogarth, the Fielding of the brush, paints it; Garrick, the most versatile of actors, played it; Mozart, the most sympathetic of all musicians, found its melody; Reynolds caught every smile on its cheek, and the light upon its eye; and Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, and Burke sounded some of its deepest notes.

Of all in this century, three men stand out, in three countries, as types of its vast range, of its organizing genius, of its hold on the reality behind the veil that we see:—Kant in Ger-

many, Diderot in France, Hume in England. For us here, Hume is the dominant mind of the age ; with his consummate grasp of human life in all its moral, social, and physical conditions ; by his sense, good-fellowship, urbanity, and manliness. This was not the age of the lonely thinkers in their studies, as Kepler, Galileo, Descartes, had been. Nor was it the age of Bacon, Pascal, Hobbes, and Locke ; when philosophy was shaken by political and religious fanaticism. It was not the age of the wonderful specialists of our own day, when mountains of observation defy all attempts at system. It was an age more like the Revival of thought and learning—but with a notable difference. Its curiosity is as keen, its industry even greater, its mental force as abundant. But it is far less wild ; its resources are under command, its genius is constructive ; and its ruling spirit is social. It was the second and far greater Revival—that New Birth of time whereof the first line was led by Galileo, Harvey, Descartes, and Bacon ; whereof the second line was led by Newton, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, Hume, and Kant ; whereof the third line will be led by those who are to come.

In the progress of Europe, especially in its mental progress, there is an incessant ebb and flow, a continual give and take. The intellectual lead passes from one to the other, qualified

and modified by each great individual genius. In the sixteenth century it was Spain and Italy, in the seventeenth it was Holland and England, in the eighteenth it was France, and now perhaps it is Germany, which sets the tone, or fashion, in thought. For the first generation perhaps of the eighteenth century, England had the lead which Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Hobbes, Locke, Harvey, Cromwell, and William, had given her in the century preceding. The contemporaries of Newton, Locke, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Defoe, and Addison, were a force in combination which the worshippers of Louis the Fourteenth did not immediately perceive, but which was above any thing then extant in Europe. The revelation of this great intellectual strength in England was made by Montesquieu and Voltaire. Voltaire, if not exactly a thinker, was the greatest interpreter of ideas whom the world has ever seen; and became the greatest literary power in the whole history of letters. When in 1728 he took back to France his English experience and studies, he carried with him the sacred fire of freedom whereby the supremacy of thought began to pass to France. Within ten years that fire lit up some of the greatest beacons of the modern world. Voltaire wrote his "Essay on Manners" in 1740; Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws" appeared in 1748, and its influence was greater

than that of any single work of Voltaire. The forty years, 1740-1780, were perhaps the most pregnant epoch in the history of human thought. It contained the works of Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot, D'Alembert, Vauvenargues, Buffon, Lavoisier, Rousseau, the encyclopedists, Condorcet, and Turgot in France; and, in England, those of Fielding, Richardson, Sterne, Gibbon, Robertson, Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray. During the last twenty years of the century France was absorbed in her tremendous Revolution, and again the supremacy in literature passed away from her to give to Germany Kant, Hegel, Goethe, Schiller, Beethoven; to give to England Burke, Bentham, Cowper, Burns, Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Scott. So sways the battle of ideas from age to age and from shore to shore.

This is not the place to discuss the vast movement of the human mind which is loosely called the Revolution. As an Oxford wit used to say: "To sit in judgment on the Revolution is like asking if the Fall of Man were a justifiable proceeding." Our judgment on all this depends on the bent of our minds in theology, philosophy, and politics. One who holds on to his Bible chiefly for its damnatory resources has assured us that this was the Satanic Age. If we look at its achievements, one is tempted to

wish that our own age were more often visited by that accomplished gentleman. The century completely transformed all that had previously been known as to heat, gases, metals, electricity, plants, animals, tissues, diseases, geography, geology, the races, products and form of the earth, psychology, chronology, history, political and social and economic science. It would take a volume to enlarge on these. One can but give the names of those departments of knowledge. Compare the anatomical resources of Dr. Radcliffe with those of Hunter, Bichat, and Dupuytren ; the chemical and physical notions of Boyle with those of Davy, Volta, and Galvani ; the physiology of Boerhaave with that of Lamarck ; compare the classificatory notions of Ray with those of Buffon, Linnæus, and Cuvier ; take the ideas on society of Hobbes or Harrington, and compare them with those of Hume, A. Smith, Burke, and Bentham ; compare Gibbon's idea of history with that of Raleigh, Bacon, Milton. Compare the psychology of Kant with that of Descartes or Locke ;—and we see that the century made a stride, not as we have done by enlarging the sciences, but in creating them or turning their rudiments into mature organisms.

The weak side of the century was certainly in beauty ; in poetry, and the arts of form. It was essentially the age of prose ; but still it was

not prosaic. Its imaginative genius spoke in prose and not in verse. There is more poetry in the "Vicar of Wakefield" than in the "Deserted Village," in "Tom Jones" than in Pope's "Iliad," and the death of Clarissa Harlowe is more like Sophocles than the death of Addison's Cato. The age did not do well in verse; but if its verse tended to prose, its prose ever tended to rise into poetry. We want some word (Mr. Matthew Arnold will not let us use the word poetry) to express the imaginative power at work in prose, saturating it with the fragrance of proportion and form, shedding over the whole that indefinable charm of subtle suggestion, which belongs to rare thoughts clothed in perfect words. For my part, I find "the vision and the faculty divine" in the inexhaustible vivacity of "Tom Jones," in the mysterious realism of "Robinson Crusoe," in the terrible tension of Clarissa's tragedy, in the idyllic grace of the Vicar's home. This imaginative force has never since been reached in prose save by Walter Scott himself, and not even by him in such inimitable witchery of words. If it be not poetry, it is quite unlike the prose that we read or write to-day.

Besides, one cannot allow that there is *no* poetry in the century. Let us give a liberal meaning to poetry; and where we find creative fancy, charm of phrase, the vivid tone of a dis-

tinct voice that we could recognize in a thousand—there, we are sure, is the poet. For my part, I go so far as to admit that to be poetry which is quite intelligible, even if it have no subtlety, mystery, or inner meaning at all. Much as I prefer Shelley, I will not deny that Pope is a poet. Tennyson perhaps would never have run so near commonplace as do stanzas here and there in the famous “Elegy,” but does any one doubt that Gray’s *Elegy* is poetry? And though Wordsworth is a greater man than Cowper, it is possible, had there never been a “Task,” that there might never have been an “Excursion.” The poetry of the century is below our lofty English average, but it is not contemptible; and when it is good it has some rare qualities indeed.

In the poetry of the century are three distinct types: first, that of Pope; next, that of which the “*Elegy*” is the masterpiece; lastly, the songs of Burns. Now, the first belongs to the age of Louis XIV. The second is the typical poetry of the century. The third is but the clarion that heralds the revolutionary outburst which gave us Byron, Shelley, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Schiller. Cowper in part belongs to the three types; he is the connecting link between them all: touching Pope by his easy mastery of rhyme, akin to Gray by his exquisite culture and grace, foretelling Words-

worth and Shelley by his moral and social earnestness. If the century produced little true poetry, it produced some little that is very good, and a good deal which has some very fine qualities. The "Rape of the Lock" is a poem in a class by itself, and Pope wrote other pieces of magical skill and verve. Goldsmith's poems would please us more if he had not bettered them himself in his own prose. Burns wrote the most ringing songs in our literature. Cowper is a true poet of a very rare type, one of the most important in the development of English poetry. And Gray's *Elegy* is better known and more widely loved than any single poem in our language. All this should be enough to save the age of prose from the charge of being prosaic.

In the best poetry of the century (at least after Pope's death) there is a new power, a new poetic field, a new source of poetry. The new source of poetry is the People; its new field is the home; the new power within it is to serve the cause of humanity. It told the short and simple annals of the poor. It is a field unknown to Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, or Pope. But Goldsmith has it in his heart of hearts; such men as Thomson and Collins and Beattie and Crabbe have it, though they remain on the lower ranges at their best; Burns is the very

prophet of it ; and it glows in a gentle hermit-like way in every murmur of Cowper's tender soul. "The Task" is by reason of this one of the landmarks of our literature, though its own nobler progeny may have lessened its charm to us. It is because the original charm is still as fresh as ever, that we may call the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" the central poem of the age. Our young word-mongers and unutterables will tell us to-day that its moralizing is as obvious as a tombstone, that its melody is rudimentary, and its epithets almost trivial. Yes ! and for that reason it has sunk into the soul of all who speak the English tongue ; it has created the new poetry of the cottage ; its very surrender of brilliancy, subtlety, or novelty is its strength. The sustained undertone of pathos, the magical unity of its thought and its coloring, the simple humanity of it,—all these make the "Elegy" the poem of the eighteenth century, the voice of the humane age at its best.

Poetry is the central art ; but it is not all art ; and the art of the century deserves a word. We may give up architecture at once. People were so much absorbed in making their homes comfortable within, that they seemed blind to ugliness elsewhere ; and if Mr. Ruskin is certain that Satan had to do with the Churches of the Georgian era, there is no means of disproving it. But Reynolds remains the greatest English

painter ; Gainsborough and Romney have not been surpassed in their own line ; Hogarth remains still our greatest humorist with the pencil ; Garrick is still our greatest actor ; Flaxman is still our greatest sculptor ; and it is well to remember that Turner was of the Royal Academy before the century was out. But besides all these, Crome, Stothard, Blake, Bewick, Chippendale, Wedgwood, and Bartolozzi worked in the century—and in their given lines these men have never been surpassed.

There is another art which lies closer to civilization than any art but poetry. Music is a better test of the moral culture of an age than its painting, or its sculpture, or even its architecture. Music, by its nature, is ubiquitous, as much almost as poetry itself ; in one sense more so, for its vernacular tongue is common to mankind. Music in its nature is social, it can enter every home, it is not the privilege of the rich ; and thus it belongs to the social and domestic life of a people, as painting and sculpture, the arts of the few, never have done or can do. It touches the heart and the character as the arts of form have never sought to do, at least in the modern world. When we test the civilization of an age by its art, we should look to its music next to its poetry, and sometimes even more than to its poetry. Critics who talk about the debasement of the age when church-wardens

built those mongrel temples must assuredly be deaf. Those church-wardens and the rest of the congregation wept as they listened to Handel and Mozart. One wearies of hearing how grand and precious a time is ours, now that we can draw a cornflower right.

Music is the art of the eighteenth century, the art wherein it stands supreme in the ages; perfect, complete, and self-created. The whole gamut of music (except the plain song, part song, dance, and mass) is the creation of the eighteenth century: opera, sonata, concerto, symphony, oratorio; and the full use of instrumentation, harmony, air, chorus, march, and fugue, all belong to that age. If one thinks of the pathos of those great songs, of the majesty of those full choirs, of the inexhaustible melody of their operas, and all that Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Gluck, and the early years of Beethoven gave us, it is strange to hear that that age was dead to art. Neither the age which gave us the Madonnas and the Sistine, nor the age which gave us Reims and Westminster Abbey, nor even the age which gave us the Parthenon, did more for humanity than the age to which we owe the oratorios, and the operas, the sonatas, symphonies, and masses of the great age of music.

Not merely was music of the highest order produced, not merely did that age create almost

all the great orders of music, but the generation gave itself to music with a passion such as marks all ages wherein art reaches its zenith. When Handel and Buononcini, Gluck and Piccini, Farinelli and Caffarelli, divided the town, it was not with the languid partisanship which amuses our leisure, but with the passions of the red and green factions in the Circus of Byzantium. England, it is true, had few musicians of its own ; but Handel is for practical purposes an English musician, and the great Italian singers and the great German masters were never more truly at home than when surrounded by English admirers. Our people bore their fair share of this new birth of art, especially if our national anthem was really the product of this age. And not our people only, but the men of culture, of rank, of power, and the court itself. And the story that the king caused the whole house to rise when the Hallelujah Chorus was heard is a happy symbol of the enthusiasm of the time.

Their music showed that their hearts were in the right place, but they showed it in more practical ways. The age, with all its grossness, laid the seeds of those social reforms, which it is the boast of our own time to have matured. It was then that the greatest part of the hospitals as we know them were founded ; the asylums, reformatories, infirmaries, benefit societies,

Sunday-schools, and the like. It was then, amidst a sea of misery and cruelty, that Howard began what Burke called "his circumnavigation of charity." Then, too, began that holy war against slavery and the slave-trade, against barbarous punishments, foul prisons, against the abuses of justice, the war with ignorance, drunkenness, and vice. Captain Coram, and Jonas Hanway, and John Howard, and Thomas Raikes, led the way for those social efforts which have taken such proportions. Jeremy Bentham and Samuel Romilly struck at the abuses of law; Clarkson and Wilberforce and the anti-slavery reformers at slavery and the trade in men. Methodism, or rather religious earnestness, lies at the heart of the eighteenth century; and the work of Wesley and Whitefield is as much a part of its life, as the work of Johnson, Hume, or Watt. That great revival of spiritual energy in the midst of a sceptical and jovial society was no accident, nor was it merely the impulse of two great souls. It is the same humanity which breathes through the scepticism of Hume, and the humor of Fielding; and it runs like a silver thread through the whole fabric of that epoch. Cowper is its poet, Wilberforce was its orator, Whitefield was its preacher, Wesley was its legislator, and Priestley himself the philosopher whom it cast forth. The abolition of slavery, a religious re-

spect for the most miserable of human beings, as a human soul, is its great work in the world. This was the central result of the eighteenth century; nor can any century in history show a nobler. The new gospel of duty to our neighbor, was of the very essence of that age. The French Revolution itself is but the social form of the same spirit. He who misses this will never understand the eighteenth century. It means Howard and Clarkson just as much as it means Fielding and Gibbon; it means Wesley and Whitefield quite as much as it means Hume or Watt. And they who shall see how to reconcile Berkeley with Fielding, Wesley with Hume, and Watt with Cowper, so that all may be brought home to the fold of humanity at last, will not only interpret aright the eighteenth century, but they will anticipate the task of the twentieth.

A few words about the eighteenth century afford no space to touch on the greatest event of it—the Revolutionary crisis itself. The intellectual preparation for it is all that we can here note; and we may hear the rumblings of the great earthquake in every page of Hume, Adam Smith, Priestley, and Bentham; nay, in Cowper and Burns, and Wordsworth and Coleridge. The “Rights of Man,” the “Declaration of Independence,” the “Negro’s Complaint,” “the greatest happiness of the greatest number,”

“A man’s a man for a’ that,” the “new birth” of the Methodists, were all phases of one movement to attain the full conditions of humanity. The Revolution did not happen in 1789 nor in 1793. The Terror was in ’93; the old system collapsed in ’89. But the Revolution is continuing still, violent in France, deep and quiet in England. No one of its problems is completely solved; no one of them is removed from solution; no one of its creations has complete possession of the field. The reconstruction, begun more than a hundred years ago, is doing still. For they see history upside down who look at the Revolution as a conflagration instead of a reconstruction; or who find in the eighteenth century a suicide, instead of finding a birth.

FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN 1793.

BY OSCAR BROWNING.

PROBABLY no event in the history of England during the last hundred years is so important as the outbreak of war with France in 1793. It led, by a chain of almost necessary consequence, to our long struggle against Napoleon I. It added millions to our debt, it caused the distress and discontent which paved the way for the Reform Bill of 1832, its results placed England at the head of the European system. From a narrower point of view it formed a turning-point in the career of Pitt. Up to that time he had pursued a policy of peace, retrenchment, and reform. The most enlightened minister of his age, he promised fair to anticipate by fifty years some of the most important changes which our own age has witnessed. From that period he was the minister of war, extravagance, and coercion. His name was a synonyme for blood, violence, and treachery, not only upon the Continent but among English Liberals. The war then kindled was not extinguished until it had killed him in its course. His friends saw the

"Austerlitz look" on the blanched countenance of their dying chief. Passing a map of Europe in his last days, he said: "Roll up that map, we shall not want it any more."

The character of our conduct in that crisis has long been disputed amongst politicians. War was opposed in 1793 by Fox and the Liberal party who followed him, and he lost no opportunity of urging the desirability of peace. However, when he became Foreign Minister after the death of Pitt, he did not make peace. In 1853, after the death of the Duke of Wellington, the question was argued by Richard Cobden. In his pamphlet, "1793 and 1853," he tries to show that our war with France was neither necessary nor just. His arguments are those of a partisan, and the authorities which he recommends to his reverend correspondent, and on which he probably relied himself, are such ordinary books as the "Annual Register," the "Pictorial History of England," Alison's "History of Europe," and the "Parliamentary Debates." The present writer has had the opportunity of reading nearly all the despatches in the English Record Office and the French Foreign Office which bear upon the subject; and his aim is to present as clear and impartial an account of the origin of the war as can be done in the limited space at his disposal.

It is now admitted on all hands that the war

was none of our seeking. It was declared by the French Government, and would, perhaps, not have been declared by us. It may be urged that there was such a fundamental antagonism between the principles of the French Revolution and those of the English Government that the outbreak of war was merely a question of time. But we were a grave and serious nation, dealing with a crowd of heated anarchists, unused to govern, intemperate of language. Neither their words nor their actions could be interpreted by ordinary rules. Had we exhausted every precaution; were we guilty of no false step which we might have foreseen would lead us into the path along which we had no desire to move?

From the first outbreak of the Revolution the policy of the English Ministry had been to preserve a strict neutrality. Although the contrary has often been maintained, there should be no doubt of it since the publication of the "History of the Politics of Great Britain and France in 1800." This work, written by Herbert Marsh, the celebrated Professor of Divinity and the translator of Mosheim, is an exhaustive examination of the conduct of the English Government in its relations with France at this period. He proves, as far as could be proved from the materials within his reach: (1) that the British Government knew nothing of the

Conference of Pilnitz, and that when requested in 1791 to join a coalition against France it absolutely refused to do so; (2) that we behaved with extreme friendliness to France in the affairs of San Domingo; (3) that we were one of the first to recognize the new French Constitution of 1791; (4) that in January, 1792, we took measures for reducing our armaments by sea and land; (5) that when France had declared war against Austria on April 20, 1792, the British Government took every pains to assert its neutrality; (6) that the proclamation of May 21st against seditious writings was a mere act of internal policy, and was not directed against the French.

Evidences of this position might be easily multiplied to any extent. On September 20, 1791, Lord Grenville writes from Weymouth that M. de Bintinaye, an emissary of the French *émigrés* princes, is to be told "that his Majesty's resolution extends not only to the taking no part either in supporting or opposing the measures which other powers may adopt, but also to the not influencing in any manner their determination in that respect." "Sir R. Keith has been authorized to explain to the Emperor [of Germany] his Majesty's determination to take no part in the business of France unless any new circumstances should arise which might have an influence on the interests of his own

subjects. This is all that has passed, and the princes ought to know it." Nor was the disposition of the French Government to us of a less friendly character. Chauvelin's instructions as Minister to England are dated April 19, 1792. He was the ostensible head of the French mission, but the moving spirit of it was Talleyrand, the famous Bishop of Autun, who could not be formally commissioned to the English court because no member of the *Assemblée Nationale* of 1789 was allowed to hold public office. He is charged to use every argument to keep England out of the new coalition, and to persuade her to enter into a defensive alliance with France for the mutual guarantee of each other's possessions. England might persuade Austria and Prussia to withdraw from the league. If Spain took part against France, France and England with South America might join against her. A defensive alliance might include a ratification of the Treaty of Commerce of 1787. But above all he was to try to obtain a loan of three or four millions in England, if possible, with the guarantee of the English Government. In return for the guarantee he was to offer the cession of the isle of Tobago, almost entirely inhabited by English, of course with the consent of the inhabitants. The English Government were to be told that for their object there was no time like the present.

On August 4, 1792, Lord Gower writes to Lord Grenville that the royal family, especially the Queen, are in great danger, and he demands instructions for his conduct. Lord Grenville replies on August 9th, the very eve of the attack on the Tuileries and the last day of liberty for the monarchy of France, that no instructions could be of any service to their Majesties in the present crisis, that we have been strictly neutral during the last five years, that if we could do any good matters might be different. "The King's feelings might lead him to depart from the line he has chosen. But any measure of this kind could only commit the King's name in a business in which he has hitherto kept himself unengaged without any reasonable hope of its producing a good effect; on the contrary, interference might do harm. We are not indifferent to the fate of their most Christian Majesties. Express our sentiments of regard, friendship, and good-will, but make no declaration."

We see that up to the 10th of August the British Government preserved an attitude of scrupulous neutrality. From that day the face of affairs was changed. The King was a prisoner in the Temple; the royal authority was in abeyance. The Government were compelled either to recall their ambassador or to recognize the validity of the Provisional Committee. In

recalling Lord Gower they followed the example of other European nations. Indeed, the massacre of September followed closely upon August 10th, and the life of an intimate friend of the royal family would scarcely have been secure. The Duke of Dorset, Lord Gower's predecessor, had been forced to leave Paris, because a letter written to the Comte d'Artois, congratulating the Count on his safe escape from Paris, had been found upon one of the Duke's servants. Mr. Cobden makes a great matter of this recall of Lord Gower, and says that after the deposition of Louis Philippe in 1848 our Minister continued to be accredited to the French Republic. Such, however, were not the views held either in France or England at the time. On August 28th Chauvelin wrote to Lebrun that the recall of Lord Gower need not affect the neutrality of England : " Ce rappel tient uniquement à ces raisons d'étiquette et de bienséance." Lebrun, on August 29th, in his instructions to M. Noel, whom he was sending to England, says that notwithstanding the views of George III, who was rightly believed to be anxious for war, the Cabinet is composed of enlightened men, and that Dundas' note recalling Lord Gower was very moderate.

The events of August 10th might well impress the English Government, when we consider the effect they produced upon Chauvelin

himself. No sooner had he heard of what had occurred than he writes to Lord Grenville, that criminal and disastrous events have taken place in Paris, that the security of the National Assembly has been violated, that men of violent passions have led the multitude astray. He begs the King of England to use all his influence to prevent the armies of the enemy from invading French territory, giving occasion for new excesses, and compromising still further the liberty, the safety, and even the existence of the King and of his family. No sooner has Chauvelin sent this despatch than he discovers his mistake. A Cabinet Council is called to deliberate upon his letter. Chauvelin receives new intelligence from Paris. He calls Mr. Secretary Dundas and begs that the despatch may be returned to him and may be considered as *non avenue*. Dundas writes to one of the clerks of the Foreign Office: "Mr. Aust will not allow any copies of the paper delivered this day by M. Chauvelin to get out of the office, and will inform (by circulating this note) H. M.'s confidential servants who attended the Cabinet this day, that M. Chauvelin having in the most earnest manner requested the paper to be returned to him, Mr. Dundas, after consulting with Mr. Pitt, thought the reasons stated impossible to be resisted." The paper was therefore returned to Chauvelin, but a copy had been

taken of it which is now in the Record Office. Although Lord Gower was recalled from Paris, Chauvelin still remained in London, and it has often been asked why he did so. It has been said that although he was disowned by Ministers he knew himself to be on very good terms with the Opposition, and that he stayed in England that he might be a centre of intrigue. His despatches give little countenance to this idea, while they supply a natural reason for delay in presenting his letters of recall. When war between France and England became imminent, Chauvelin held some communication with the Opposition by means of Sheridan, who visited him secretly. But whilst there was a hope of peace or even of alliance between the two countries, his great object was to avoid all suspicion of the kind.

There is in the French Foreign Office a despatch dated May 23, 1792, signed by Chauvelin, but evidently composed by Talleyrand, which, if read and pondered by Lebrun, should have deterred him forever from such intrigues. Talleyrand writes complaining of the indiscretion of French journalists, that the terms *Ministry* and *Opposition* have a very different sense in England to that which is attributed to them abroad. "In reading French papers one would believe that the King and the partisans of privilege and of royal prerogative were on one

side, and the friends of the people on the other, working incessantly, the one for authority, the other for liberty. If this were the case a revolution might be probable enough. But in fact the mass of the nation is generally indifferent to all these political discussions which make such a noise amongst ourselves. Agriculture, art, manufacture, and commerce, the rise and fall of the funds, these are the main objects of attention; the debates of Parliament only interest the people in a secondary degree. The Opposition is generally regarded as an ingredient as necessary to the constitution as the Ministry itself, but that is all, and whenever they are seen at war with each other, whatever may be the opinion which is formed of their measures, the nation feels sure of liberty. Nor is the Ministry itself as instinctively attached to the King or as zealous for the royal prerogative as is generally believed in France. Composed of different elements, it contains germs of disagreement which incline it at one time to the side of the monarchy, at another to that of the people." He concludes a long despatch by saying that they must treat with the Ministry alone, and must try to gain their confidence, and that is only to be done by showing the most firm determination to do nothing which may encourage dissension.

These weighty words ought to dispose of the

opinion that Chauvelin's object in remaining in England was to intrigue with the Opposition. His real fear was lest his letters of recall should be refused by the court, and so the rupture be brought about which he and his employers were most anxious to prevent. He writes to Lebrun on August 31st: "It would be natural to recall me as the English have recalled Lord Gower, and I should be glad to go; but let me make the following observation. Lord Gower's recall is due only to the motive of *delicatesse monarchique*. We have no such reason; we wish to preserve the best intelligence with England. Besides, Mr. Lindsay (the Secretary of Legation) remains. It might be difficult for you to draw up my letters of recall, or for me to present them. How very bad it would be if I were refused an audience! what a triumph for our enemies! All the friends we have in England are agreed upon this point." Indeed, the Provisional Government sent a new emissary to England in the person of M. Noel, who has made a greater reputation as a writer of school-books than as a diplomatist. They at first intended to supersede Chauvelin, and as a *ci-devant* marquis they always regarded him with suspicion. On September 6th, however, they definitely tell him that he may stay, yet warn him that he must be prepared to act cordially with the different persons charged with special

missions whom the Government are likely to send to London. Some of them were undoubtedly intended as spies, others were got out of the way that they might escape the fate of their brother aristocrats in the prisons.

During the autumn things remained tolerably quiet. The King was at Weymouth from August 17th to the end of September. The centre of disturbance was in the Ministry itself. The King had not given the Ministers his entire confidence. The French Revolution offended every principle and prejudice of his nature. Although we have no positive proof, we have many indications that the King was eager either to join the coalition or to take decisive steps for repressing the disorder in France, and seating his royal cousin firmly on the throne. The King was supported in the Ministry by Lord Thurlow, the Chancellor, whom Pitt was obliged to get rid of, and Lord Hawkesbury, the father of a hopeful son who had just entered Parliament, and who afterward became Lord Liverpool. Pitt depended upon his brother, Lord Chatham, First Lord of the Admiralty, a person of gentlemanly bearing, small abilities, and sententious wisdom, and the two Secretaries of State, Lord Grenville and Mr. Dundas. Lord Camden, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Stafford formed a middle party, who oscillated between the two extremes. We shall

see that Pitt was ready all along to make any sacrifice for the preservation of peace with France. Grenville seems to have gradually drifted to the side of the King, who, as events progressed, became still more eager for war.

The French Embassy had some hope that a Coalition Ministry would be formed which would be more favorable to their cause. The summer of 1792 was occupied by correspondence, interviews, and conversations, all bearing on the possibility of including Pitt and Fox in the same Cabinet, and providing the country with a Ministry resting on a broad foundation. The true history of these intrigues has yet to be written. The account generally given of them is that Pitt was not unwilling to receive some of the Whig party, but that the scheme shattered upon the obstinacy and impracticability of Fox. There is in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 27,918) a secret political diary of the Duke of Leeds, which gives a minute account of these transactions, and one of different complexion to that which is derived from Lord Malmesbury's diary. According to Lord Malmesbury, Pitt was eager for the coalition. There was a certain difficulty about Fox, "*perhaps* it would not be quite easy to give Fox the Foreign Department *immediately*, but that in a few months he might certainly have it." "Pitt did not come with the King's command to propose

a coalition, but that he would be responsible that it would please the King *and the Queen*, and that the only difficulty at all likely to arise was about Fox, and that difficulty entirely owing to Fox's conduct in Parliament during the last four months." The only authority for these opinions of Pitt is Lord Loughborough, the very man whose restless desire for office and unscrupulous ambition was urging the Duke of Portland to sacrifice Fox. It is certain that the idea of a coalition was mentioned to Pitt and the King in June, but the Duke of Leeds' diary shows that neither of them seriously entertained the idea, and that Fox was perfectly justified in believing it to be impossible. On Tuesday, August 14th, the Duke of Leeds, who had been Foreign Minister in Pitt's Cabinet, and who expected to be made Prime Minister, with Pitt and Fox serving under him as secretaries, had an interview with the King at Windsor. The Duke expounded his plans, advocating as well as he could the cause of Mr. Fox. "Whether it had any effect I am ignorant, for his Majesty did not, I believe, mention Mr. Fox's name more than once, if even that, during the whole conversation. I mention the several interviews which had passed between Lord Loughborough and Mr. Dundas, at one at least of which Mr. Pitt had been present, and which had been mentioned in the newspapers

as affording sufficient reason to suppose his Majesty's servants not indisposed to our arrangement, and I took for granted his Majesty was informed of every thing that had passed down to the present time. To my great surprise the King answered that he had not heard any thing upon the subject for a long time; that Mr. Pitt had, indeed, some months ago mentioned something like an opening on the part of the Duke of Portland and his friends, to which his Majesty had answered, '*Any thing complimentary to them, but no power.*'" The Duke of Leeds pertinently remarks upon this: "The first part of this brief but curious answer explains the circumstance of the offer of the Garter to the Duke or Portland, and of the Marquisate of Rockingham to Lord Fitzwilliam; and the latter proves but too clearly the great difficulty, if not impossibility, of succeeding in the proposed arrangement." The Duke of Leeds, unabashed by this repulse, went on to suggest that, although Pitt could not remain at the head of the Treasury, he could still be Chancellor of the Exchequer as well as Secretary of State. "The King asked me who was proposed to be First Lord of the Treasury? I answered that I could not tell, but that it was meant that some one should be in that situation who was on terms of friendship and confidence with both parties. His Majesty replied it

would be very awkward for Mr. Pitt after having been head of that board to descend to an inferior situation at it, and that whoever was First Lord must either be a cipher or Mr. Pitt appear as a *commis*."

On Wednesday, August 22d, the Duke of Leeds had an interview with Pitt. Pitt received him very civilly, but did not appear quite at his ease. The Duke told the same story that he had told to the King. "Mr. Pitt listened attentively to all I said, and answered, there had been no thought of any alteration in the Government, that circumstances did not call for it, nor did the people wish it, and that no new arrangement, either by a change or coalition, had ever been in contemplation." On the Duke reminding him of the reported interviews between Lord Loughborough and Dundas, at which Pitt had been present, he said that it was true, but that such meetings had not in view any change of administration. The language both of Pitt and of the King admits of no doubt, and we must conclude that the negotiations for a coalition which have been repeated in all histories of the time have, as far as Pitt is concerned, no basis but the interested imagination and creative memory of Lord Loughborough.


The King remained at Weymouth from the middle of August to the end of September, and

during this time home politics were in abeyance, but events were moving rapidly in France. On September 20th, the cannonade of Valmy announced, as Goethe said to those who heard it, the birth of a new era ; on October 23d, a salvo of artillery all along the French frontier announced that the soil of France was free from the enemy. Before the end of September the French armies marched across the frontier, Nice was taken on September 28th, Spire on September 30th ; the attacked became the aggressors, and the French Government imagined a victorious course of mingled conquest and propaganda. These events did not appear to compromise English interests until Dumouriez began to overrun the Netherlands. The battle of Jemappes was fought on November 6th, and on November 14th the capture of Brussels laid the whole of Belgium at his feet. These victories encouraged the French to take a higher tone. Chauvelin, who did not like to go to Court for fear he should be badly received, now asked his Government for credentials as Minister of the Republic. He writes to Lebrun on November 3d, that the time has come to treat openly with England, and that he wishes for positive instructions.

Lebrun was clear-sighted enough to see the effect which the conquest of Belgium was likely to have in England. He writes to Chauvelin

on October 30th: "The army of the Republic commanded by Dumouriez is on the point of entering, if it had not already entered, the territory of the Low Countries. It is possible that Dumouriez may conquer them, and in this case it is quite possible that the inhabitants will rise in a general insurrection against the House of Austria. What would England do in this case? Would she feel bound by the convention of November 10, 1790? The Republic solemnly renounces every conquest." The next day, October 30th, Lebrun orders Chauvelin to announce distinctly that "the nation will never suffer Belgium to be under foreign influence, and that it will never annex the smallest part of the French Empire." He adds: "Now we of course desire for our protection a democratic power on our frontier." On November 6th he shows a still greater desire to know what public opinion in England thinks about the conquest of the Netherlands, and he expresses the same view as before. On November 10th he writes in a similar strain to Noel: "Our policy is very simple on this point as on all others. We do not wish for conquest; we have no desire to give any nation this or that form of government. The inhabitants of Belgium will choose that which suits them best; we shall not interfere." Interested as the English might be in the fate of Belgium, they were far more interested in

that of Holland. Holland was united to us by the closest ties ; its friendship was the triumph of our diplomacy ; the power of the Stadtholder depended upon our support ; to desert it would have been an act of ingratitude as well as of weakness. At Pitt's accession to office in 1783, he found England, after her struggle with America, isolated in Europe. The main jealousy of this country was directed toward France. But France was really weak and anxious to recover something of the maritime power of which England had robbed her. With this object she turned to the strong fleet of Holland ; in close alliance with the Dutch she might regain her trade, and even establish a footing in India. The mission of Lord Malmesbury was designed to counteract these plans. Arriving in Holland when the power of the Stadtholder was at its lowest ebb, he reconstructed it, discomfited the patriot party which was devoted to France, and laid the foundations of the triple alliance between England, Holland, and Prussia, which for three years gave the law to Europe. Therefore, although we might overlook the conquest of Belgium, we could not but regard the least attempt upon Holland as a cause of war. Yet such was the levity of the French in this serious crisis, that Maret, afterward Duke of Bassano, who arrived in England about November 8th, having just left the victorious Dumouriez, told



Chauvelin that Dumouriez had the intention of "throwing a few shells into Maestricht." Chauvelin had sense enough to see that this would make a breach inevitable.

On November 21st, Maret, who was on the point of leaving England to return to France by way of Brussels, wrote a letter to Lebrun which exactly explains the situation. He proposes to tell Dumouriez that if he attacks Holland, which he certainly had in contemplation, it will inevitably mean war with England. War is certainly dreaded by the city, even if the Government desire to distract people's attention from home affairs. The *philosopher-general* will not be insensible to these arguments. He will prefer the hope of a general peace to an additional triumph. He then adds with cynical acuteness: "Whether the state of our finances make it impossible for us to go to war, or the fear of letting loose upon society a mob of unoccupied persons by disbanding our armies make peace impossible, in either case the feeling of England toward us is of the first importance. If we wish for peace let us make an alliance with England; if we desire war let us attempt to form a junction which will diminish the number of our enemies, and which may embroil England with Spain. Chauvelin, good-fellow as he is, is impossible here. Men are prejudiced against him. Send Barthélémi" (the best diplomatist the French

possessed, who, in 1790, made the treaties of Bâle with Prussia and Spain) "as ambassador extraordinary, and some one else as subordinate agent. I should be very happy to take this place. Nominate Chauvelin to some first-rate post. Noel could replace Barthélémi in Switzerland." If this advice had been adopted, and as we shall see this was very nearly being the case, peace between the two countries would most probably have been preserved.

We now come to the two acts of the French Government which formed the strongest case for grievance on the English side, and which are generally considered as the true causes of the war; the decree of November 19th, and the opening of the navigation of the Scheldt. Each of these will require attention. The decree of November 19th was passed by the Convention in great haste and under the following circumstances. In the middle of the sitting Rhul rose and stated that the district of Darmstadt, which properly belonged to France by the Treaty of Ryswick, had assumed the national cockade and asked to become French. The Duke of Deux Ponts had marched an army to stop the movement. "The citizens of the Duchy of Limburg, in the district of Darmstadt, ask our protection against the despots; also the club of the Friends of Liberty and Equality established at Mayence have

written to ask if you will grant protection to the people of Mayence, or abandon them to the mercy of the despots who threaten them." He concludes thus: "I ask that the nations who wish to fraternize with us shall be protected by the French nation." It will be seen that this proposition goes merely to the extent of defensive measures. It is then moved that Rhul's proposition be referred to the diplomatic committee, which should determine how the French should not only protect but guarantee the liberty of surrounding nations. Legendre supports the proposition. Brissot says that the diplomatic committee is about to speak on the subject on the following Friday (Nov. 19th is Monday). On Rhul urging the cause of the people of Mayence, Brissot asks that the principle of the decree shall be voted immediately. At last Larevellière-Lepeaux, that distinguished member of the Directory, who afterward complained that it was so hard to found a new religion to take the place of Christianity, and to whom Talleyrand recommended the experiment of being crucified and rising again on the third day, proposed the decree in the following words: "The National Convention declares, in the name of the French nation, that it will give fraternity and assistance to all peoples who shall wish to recover their liberty, and charges the executive power

to give the necessary orders to the generals to carry assistance to these peoples, and to defend citizens who have been harassed, or who may be harassed in the cause of liberty." Sergent then proposed that the decree should be translated into all languages and printed. The convention then proceeded to other business, and broke up at five o'clock.

Such is the history of this famous decree. In the French manner of those days a few isolated facts repeated by a member were made the occasion for asserting a number of sweeping generalities, and the terms of the hastily passed decree went even beyond the intention and meaning of those who passed it. Was it worthy of a powerful nation like the English to treat every word of this hasty declaration, "translated into all languages," as if it were the solemn and authoritative voice of a grave and powerful legislature representing a united people?

The opening of the navigation of the Scheldt was much more serious. This is announced to Chauvelin in a letter from Lebrun, dated Nov. 27th. "The executive council has just freed the navigation of the Scheldt. No injury is done to the rights of the Dutch. Our reasons are that the river takes its rise in France, and that a nation which has obtained its liberty cannot recognize a system of feudalism, and still less

submit to it. This need not affect the good harmony which exists between ourselves and England. Engagements which the Belgians entered into before the epoch of their present liberty naturally fall to the ground." He urges Chauvelin to counteract any bad impressions which this may produce, and say that it was done in the interest of the prosperity of Belgium. It was natural that these two measures, following so quickly upon each other, should excite strong feeling in England. The views of the English Government are given in a despatch addressed to Chauvelin on December 31st, signed, indeed, by Grenville, but bearing throughout the stamp of the stern and haughty style of William Pitt. His sentences, when once known, are unmistakable. It states that in the decree of November 19th all England saw the formal declaration of a design to extend universally the new principles of government adopted in France, and to encourage disorder and revolt in all countries, even in those which are neutral. "The application of these principles to the King's dominions has been shown unequivocally by the public reception given by the promoters of sedition in this country, and by the speeches made to them precisely at the time of this decree, and since on several different occasions. England cannot consider such an explanation [as has been given] satisfactory,

but she must look upon it as a frank avowal of those dispositions which she sees with so just an uneasiness and jealousy."

With regard to the Scheldt the trumpet-voice of the statesman sounds with no uncertain note. "France can have no right to annul the stipulations relative to the Scheldt, unless she have also the right to set aside equally the other treaties between all the Powers of Europe, and all the other rights of England or her allies. She can even have no pretence to interfere in the question of opening the Scheldt, unless she were the sovereign of the Low Countries, or had the right to dictate laws to all Europe. England never will consent that France shall arrogate the power of annulling at her pleasure, and under the pretence of a pretended natural right of which she makes herself the only judge, the political system of Europe established by solemn treaties and guaranteed by the consent of all the Powers. This Government, adhering to the maxims which it has followed for more than a century, will also never see with indifference that France shall make herself either directly or indirectly the sovereign of the Low Countries, or general arbiter of the rights and liberties of Europe. If France is really desirous of maintaining peace and friendship with England, she must show herself disposed to renounce her views of aggression and aggrandize-

ment, and to confine herself within her own territory, without insulting other Governments, without disturbing their tranquillity, without violating their rights." Chatham could not have spoken more plainly or more worthily. In these sentences is contained the whole opposition of England to the encroachments of the Revolution, to the spoliation of Napoleon.

At the same time it may be argued whether the opening of the Scheldt was a question on which the English was bound to go to war. We appealed on our side to the law of nations, the French on theirs to the law of nature. Both these appeals may be disregarded in the inquiry. Our treaty with Holland of 1788 bound us to guarantee the Dutch possessions from attack or from the threat of attack. But in this instance the Dutch did not protest against the action of the French, nor did they call upon us for our assistance. Therefore it was a matter with which we had no immediate concern. That we should not have considered it as a *casus belli* in the last resort is shown by the fact that negotiations were impending between the Dutch and Dumouriez under the sanction of Lord Auckland at the time when the war eventually broke out. The idea of opening the Scheldt to commerce was not a new one. It had been threatened by Joseph II, and only laid aside upon French persuasion.

At this time we had instructed our ambassador at Vienna to inform the Emperor personally that there was no object of his ambition which we should not be ready to further, provided he would break his alliance with France. This had been written by Lord Carmarthen, while Pitt was still Prime Minister. It was scarcely reasonable to regard as an inexpiable insult to England the carrying out by one power of a measure which we had ourselves suggested to another. Other proofs are not wanting that neither the decree of November 19th nor the opening of the Scheldt would have been regarded as sufficient reasons for going to war on the part of England. Chauvelin had a long interview with Grenville on November 29th, which left this impression upon his mind. Still more explicit is a letter of Maret, dated December 2d, in which he gives an account of two interviews, one with William Smith, Pitt's private secretary, and the other with Pitt himself. From the first interview Maret derived the impression that England had negotiated with Spain, that Pitt was extremely reluctant to go to war, and the recognition of the French Republic was not at all unlikely.

The interview with Pitt was more momentous. Pitt began by speaking of his fears about Holland, of his determination to support the allies of England, and to enforce the rigorous

execution of the treaties which unite her with other powers. He expressed a sincere desire to avoid a war which would be fatal to the repose and to the prosperity of the two nations, and asked if the same desire was shared by the French Government. On Maret giving satisfactory assurances of this, Pitt said: "If the French Government would authorize some one to confer with us we should be disposed to listen to him, and to treat him with cordiality and confidence." *Maret*. "You speak of a secret agent; there is not such a one here. If there had been one in London I would rather that he had come here than myself." *Pitt*. "I mean a person with whom we could communicate cordially and frankly, and who would not repel our confidence." Maret said, that in that case England would have to recognize the Republic. Pitt replied that that course must be avoided, probably to spare the susceptibilities of the King. "Do not reject this offer and we will examine every thing carefully." Maret said that he would urge Lebrun to send some one. Pitt replied: "Why not yourself? Write at once to Paris, moments are precious." Maret promised to do so. Pitt spoke again of Holland, and as Maret was going away Pitt called him back and alluded to the question of the Scheldt. Maret avoided discussion on this point, and Pitt mentioned the decree of No-

vember 19th. Maret gave the same answer that he had given to Smith, namely, that it only applied to powers at war with France; then Pitt cried: "If an interpretation of this kind were possible the effect would be excellent." Maret assured Pitt that the Government had nothing to do with the decree, that it was the work of a few exalted spirits, made in a burst of enthusiasm, and without discussion. Pitt concluded by urging Maret not to lose a moment in communicating with Lebrun.

This interview shows that on December 1st peace between the two countries was quite possible, that it was ardently desired by Pitt, and that the really burning question was the invasion of Holland, whereas the other two grievances of the Scheldt and of the decree of November 19th might have been satisfactorily arranged. It is tantalizing to reflect how nearly the arrangement which Pitt suggested was taking effect. On December 7th Lebrun determined to move Chauvelin to the Hague, and to authorize Maret to treat secretly with the English Government. He presents his project at the meeting of the executive council, but by some wave of infatuation it is rejected. We may read in the archives of the French Foreign Office the original minute of the Conseil Executif Provisoire, signed by Danton, Barière, and others, which runs in these terms: "The Conseil Executif Provisoire de-

termines that, while making no declaration about Holland, the conference with Pitt may be continued, provided that it is done through Chauvelin, the accredited Minister." The French Government probably thought that England could be terrified, that the Opposition were as powerful as they represented themselves to be, and that a revolution in Ireland was imminent—a revolution which Lebrun had certainly been at infinite pains to stir up. Can we wonder that the face of Pitt appeared to Chauvelin to express anxiety, embarrassment, and disquietude? On December 14th Maret saw Pitt again at eight o'clock in the evening. The interview was short. After a few words Pitt said: "Our conversation must be a private one. I am not authorized to say any more on State affairs."

There exists in the English Record Office proof that the English Government was sincere in desiring the resumption of friendly relations with France, and that in spite of Burke and the *émigrés* they now contemplated sending a Minister to Paris. At the end of the volume of French papers for December, 1792, are the imperfect drafts of two despatches intended for some one proceeding as envoy to France. It does not appear for whom they were intended, and they have no date. But from internal evidence they may be referred to December, 1792.

On December 15th, the day after Pitt's second

interview with Maret, the Alien Bill was introduced by Lord Grenville in the House of Lords. The conditions of the Bill were stringent: an account and description of all foreigners arriving in the kingdom was to be taken at the several ports; foreigners were not to bring with them arms or ammunition; they were not to depart from the place in which they first arrived without a passport from the chief magistrate or the justice of the peace specifying the place they are going to; on altering a passport or obtaining it under a false name they were to be banished the realm, and if they returned be transported for life; the Secretary of State might give any suspected aliens in charge to one of his Majesty's messengers, to be by him conducted out of the realm; his Majesty may, by proclamation, order in Council, or sign-manual, direct all aliens who arrived since January, 1792, other than merchants and their menial servants, to reside in such districts as he shall think necessary for the public security; they were then only to reside in these places under certain stringent conditions. This measure was strongly resisted in Parliament by Fox and the Opposition, on the ground that the dangers against which it was directed were imaginary, or at least greatly exaggerated. It was supported with vehemence by Burke, who in this debate threw a Brummagem dagger on the floor of the House.

saying that we must keep French principles from our minds and French daggers from our hearts.

Events moved hastily toward war. The troubled state of Europe justified calling out the militia. Parliament, which by statute must be summoned shortly after this, met on December 13th. On December 15th Noel writes to Lebrun that he has had an affecting interview with William Smith, who is terribly distressed. "It is absolutely impossible for the British Government to bear with Chauvelin; every one says so. Why are you so obstinate? Why plunge two nations into a war?" He writes again on the following day that he has seen Smith again, and urges some concessions with regard to the Scheldt. It was afterward suggested that this question might safely sleep if the executive council did nothing to enforce their decree. The French Government persevered in their system. On January 7th, letters of credence were despatched to Chauvelin, and he was ordered to present them. Chauvelin had an interview with Lord Grenville with regard to this on January 13th. Both the French and English accounts of this conversation are before us, and they show that Chauvelin was not entirely veracious. His position was indeed a difficult one. The face of Lord Grenville grew dark at the proposal, and he said that he must refer it

to his colleagues. Chauvelin began to feel that peace was impossible, and begged for his recall.

On January 20th he received a letter from Lord Grenville, which must have removed any lingering doubt. He had written to ask—first whether his letters of credence would be received; and, secondly, whether the provisions of the Alien Bill are to apply to him or not; in his present position he cannot possibly be regarded as subject to this law; it would be an insult to his nation. Lord Grenville answers that his letters of credence cannot be received; that as Minister from the most Christian King he would have enjoyed all the exemptions which the law grants to public Ministers, but that, as a private person, he cannot but return to the general mass of foreigners resident in England.

On January 21st Louis XVI was executed. It is a mistake to suppose that this event of itself caused the war, although undoubtedly it profoundly affected George III. It was rather used by the Ministry as a popular opportunity for taking a step which had been already decided. The news reached London at five o'clock on January 23d. The king and queen, who were going to the theatre, gave up their intention. At the Haymarket it was announced that there would be no performance the next day;

upon which the audience shouted, "No farce, no farce!" and rose and went out. On January 24th Chauvelin was peremptorily bidden by an Order in Council to leave the kingdom. He writes, on receiving it, that it will certainly be regarded as a declaration of war, and that it was an unexpected step. This dismissal of Chauvelin cannot be defended. It was a punishment of an insulting nature inflicted on the French nation for having done what the English nation had done a century and a half before—executed their King after trial. To drive an accredited Minister from the country as a *suspected* alien was a blow which no nation could brook, and which the French would certainly not put up with in their present state of feverish excitement. It was, as Chauvelin said, "*un coup de canon*," equivalent to a declaration of war. It bears rather the trace of the vehemence of Burke and the narrow obstinacy of the King than of the calm self-restraint of the Prime Minister.

If the Government had waited a little longer, this hasty step would have been unnecessary.

On January 22d, two days before Lord Grenville's letter, Chauvelin was ordered by his own Government to leave London without delay. Chauvelin met the courier conveying this despatch at Blackheath. He was to send a note

to Lord Grenville, saying that the French are still willing to preserve a good intelligence, and to avoid a rupture. Maret, who was known to be popular with the English Government, was sent as *chargé d'affaires* to pave the way for Dumouriez, who was to come to England after he had visited Holland. The cause of this sudden change must be sought in the internal politics of Paris. The Government was divided between the Girondists and the Jacobins, the first somewhat weakened by their defeat on the King's trial, but still able to hold their own, and anxious for peace with England. The most active of the Girondists was General Dumouriez, who knew that Chauvelin was distasteful to the English Ministry, and he persuaded the executive council to recall him, and to send Maret in his place.

Maret passed Chauvelin on the way from Paris to Calais, close to Montreuil. He and his servants were asleep in their carriages, and they did not notice Chauvelin's liveries, so that it was not until his arrival at Dover on the 29th that he heard of Chauvelin's dismissal. Whatever instructions had been given to him were now useless. He sent a note to Lord Grenville to announce his arrival in England, and waited for new despatches from Lebrun and for the coming of Dumouriez. It is difficult to say whether peace was still possible. Some statesmen, in-

cluding Lord Lansdowne, were not without hope of averting war; not so, however, the Prince of Wales. Some one meeting him at supper with the Duchess of York, said: "There is a curious report abroad that Maret is come to London. The Frenchman who has arrived is a very different person." Upon which the Prince replied: "We know that well; but if he were God Almighty himself he comes too late, and perhaps they will ask him to go away. Before three weeks war will be declared. Five of my brothers will fight at sea, I shall leave on March 10th to put myself at the head of the troops on the coast, and 50,000 foreign troops will enter Holland. The time is past; we must make an end of these murderers." At the same time Maret's presence in England caused considerable alarm to the *émigrés*. Maret himself was not without hopes of peace. He said that the sudden dismissal of Chauvelin was regretted by the Ministry as a precipitate act.

In the meantime Chauvelin had arrived at Paris. His report decided the vacillating committee. Dumouriez was ordered to proceed to Antwerp and to invade Holland, and on February 1st war was declared against England and Holland.

We are now in a position to decide the question as to who was most to blame for the rupture. No doubt the English had ample provocation,

but it may be questioned whether the English Government maintained to the last that system of dignified abstention and neutrality which they had at first displayed. The death of the King was not so entirely different to the events which had preceded it—the riots of October 5th, the acceptance of the new constitution, the storming of the Tuileries on August 10th—as to justify action of a new and violent kind. The Ministry exaggerated the importance of French bombast and of English sedition. By allying ourselves with the small but distinguished minority in the French Government we might have restrained their impetuous rivals from provoking two new and dangerous enemies. We ought to have accredited a minister to the French Republic, we ought to have continued diplomatic relations with Chauvelin, we certainly ought not to have ordered him out of the country as a suspected alien. The influence of Burke and the *émigrés* was very powerful, but they warned us against the wrong dangers. We needed protection, not against the poison of French Republicanism, but against the rapacity of French armies and of the statesmen who directed them. Could we have remained neutral France would not have invaded Holland, and the history of Europe might not have been sullied with the crimes of Napoleon. These speculations are of little use ; but even to those who believe that what has

happened must have happened, it is interesting to trace the momentous effect of small divergencies, and to place our finger on the point at which the scale of fate seemed to tremble as it swerved.

GENERAL CHANZY.

THE premature death of the one great soldier produced by France, in 1870-1, induces us briefly to review his exploits. From the moment when he attained command, intelligent observers of the fierce contest which was being waged in the region of the Loire, perceived that Chanzy was no ordinary man; and, as the strife deepened, the magnificent stand he made against the huge German hosts, gained the respect, nay, the admiration, of Europe. The knowledge acquired since the war ended has elevated him even more in opinion, and it is now acknowledged that this eminent man had many of the gifts of a great commander. It is not only, though that is much, that Chanzy thoroughly understood his profession, and comprehended in its various details the difficult practice of modern war; in these respects he was perhaps equalled by the skilful Faidherbe, and the well-read Trochu. Nor was it only that he possessed the faculty of directing operations in the field ably, nor yet that he made himself conspicuous in organizing and preparing armies; MacMahon could fight an excellent battle, and

D'Aurelle was capable of forming troops; yet neither chief could be compared with him. The qualities that distinguished Chanzy raised him high above generals of these types: and we feel assured that had he had the resources, and the opportunity of more fortunate men, he would have ranked among the masters of war. His strategic conceptions, we see, were equal to combinations on the largest scale, and were brilliant and sound alike; and had he been allowed to carry out his plans, nay, had his advice been even followed, the efforts of France, on two occasions at least, might not improbably have been crowned with success, with ultimate consequences perhaps momentous. How admirable was his conduct in the field, was made evident in his memorable campaign between the Loire, the Sarthe, and the Mayenne, when at the head of a defeated army, composed largely of young levies, and suffering from every kind of privations, he more than once baffled the German legions, fought, and all but won one great pitched battle, and finally drew off in a masterly retreat a force still unbroken and even formidable; and it may fairly be said that this grand resistance, described by Von Moltke himself as "amazing," and which utterly disconcerted the German chiefs, was the most perfect specimen of tactical skill shown on either side in the war of 1870. Chanzy, too, possessed in

no ordinary degree one of the finest qualities of a true warrior—he inspired confidence and won the hearts of his troops ; it was observed of him that he could obtain more from his improvised army than any one else ; and though he was strict, nay, severe, in discipline, his officers and men were devoted to him. Yet we have still to notice the most distinctive and noblest feature of this great character. Alone of all the soldiers of France, Chanzy remained superior to adverse fortune, after the catastrophe of Bourbaki's army, and the calamitous end of the siege of Paris ; and alone he declared that it was still possible, were but the nation to be true to itself, to maintain a contest that seemed to others hopeless. Nor was this heroic constancy foolhardiness ; the plans of Chanzy were deeply laid, and had he been invested with the supreme command, we shall not affirm that his resistance would not have worn the invaders out and have at least gained better terms for France than those imposed on her by the Peace of Frankfurt.

Though long known as a soldier of promise, Chanzy was passed over by Napoleon III, and had only a brigade when the war began. When France rose to arms, after the disaster of Sedan, he was given a division of the 16th Corps, one of those improvised bodies with which Gambetta hoped to stem the tide of the Ger-

man invasion. This promotion, it is said, was due to a letter from MacMahon, then a prisoner of war, who had formed a high estimate of Chanzy's powers; and in this, as in other instances, the Duke of Magenta showed that he had the interests of his country at heart. Within a few weeks Chanzy was placed at the head of the 16th Corps, now north of the Loire; the quality of his troops, and their fitness for the field, may be estimated from the following passage: "Discipline scarcely existed; the soldiers had fallen into the habit of doing as they pleased, without minding their orders. . . . Drunkenness, too, had made great progress; obscene songs and the 'Marseillaise' resounded in the ranks. . . . Some of the regiments are in a state of extreme want. . . ."

Under the admirable direction of General D'Aurelle, but with Chanzy in immediate command, a new spirit was breathed into this mass; and before long, so remarkable are the instincts of the French race for war, it became a far from contemptible force. The 16th, joined with the 15th Corps, was now given the name of the Army of the Loire; and by the first week of November, 1870, it held the country to the north of the river, between Beaugency, Blois, and Marchenoir. D'Aurelle now resolved to march on Orleans, which had been captured by a raid from Paris, and, if possible, to cut off a

Bavarian detachment, which was the only hostile body in his path ; and for this purpose he advanced his two corps, combining his operations with a French division, which was to descend on Orleans from the Upper Loire. These movements led to the Battle of Coulmiers, the one French victory gained in the war ; and, though, owing to the delay of the distant French wing, the Bavarians contrived to make their escape, they were rudely handled and badly beaten. Chanzy was in command of the French left, but through the mistake of a cavalry leader his operations were not brilliant. His troops, however, had fought well ; and it is astonishing how the Army of the Loire could have attained efficiency in so brief a time. We quote from his report : " Our troops of the Loire and of the Garde Mobile, who, for the most part, had been in action for the first time, had behaved admirably. . . . The artillery deserved high praise ; and the cavalry had done very well ; its only mistake was that it did not understand the important part it might have played at the end of the battle."

It is, in fact not in courage, nor even in energy, but in endurance, and the power of cohesion ; above all, in confidence after defeat, that an improvised army like that of the Loire is so inferior to a long-trained enemy.

This apparition of a victorious army, which

seemed as if France could call up legions, so to speak, from the earth if she stamped her foot, perplexed the counsels of the Germans at Versailles; and it is now known that the French commander might have struck with great, perhaps immense effect. The Bavarian detachment, not 20,000 strong, was literally the only hostile force between D'Aurelle and the capital of France; and had that general advanced boldly with his 60,000 or 70,000 men, he would almost certainly have crushed Von der Tann; very probably have defeated the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, who was hurriedly sent off with a few thousand men to attempt to reach his Bavarian colleague; and possibly might have raised the siege of Paris, for Von Moltke contemplated even this contingency. From the following, though the language is cautious, we see that Chanzy believed an operation possible, which Napoleon, we are convinced, would have tried. "It was perhaps possible, making good use of the enthusiasm produced by our victory, to have reached and beaten the army of Von der Tann before it could have received aid from the Grand Duke; to have then assailed the Grand Duke's force, and so to have defeated the Germans in detail before the reinforcements, under the command of Prince Frederick Charles, could have arrived."

D'Aurelle, however, fell back on Orleans, his

object being to make the position an entrenched camp of formidable strength, and a base for future offensive movements. This resolve is not to be wholly condemned ; but it deprived France of one admirable chance ; it made the attitude of the Army of the Loire feeble ; above all, it permitted the Germans to collect a powerful force against their new-found enemy. Chanzy protested against this timid caution ; urged his chief to advance to the line of the Conlie, and to be ready to assume the offensive ; and especially entreated him to attack in detail Von der Tann, the Grand Duke, and Prince Frederick Charles, as, gathering together from wide distances, and presenting their flanks to their collected enemy, these generals slowly converged on Orleans. These counsels were beyond dispute right ; and here we see the distinction between bold, yet scientific, and mere waiting strategy. Chanzy watched with impatience the occasion that was let slip : “ We ought—and the chief of the 16th Corps insisted upon it—have made use of the opportunity, and have vigorously assailed the flank of the enemy, as . . . he defiled before us to join Prince Frederick Charles.”

It is gratifying, however, to know that D'Aurelle was not responsible for the defeats that followed. By the close of November the 15th and 16th Corps had been reinforced by the 17th,

the 18th, and the 20th; and the French army, 200,000 strong, filled the region around and in front of Orleans. The purpose of D'Aurelle was to await the attack of the enemy in his entrenched camp, and he has left on record his assured conviction that in this position success was probable. Gambetta, however, who believed himself as capable in directing armies as he certainly was in levying troops, having heard that Trochu was about to make a great effort to break out from Paris, insisted upon a general movement in the very teeth of Prince Frederick Charles; and for this purpose the 18th Corps was prematurely thrown forward on Beaune-la-Rolande, the 20th failing to give it support, while the 15th, the 16th, and the 17th were ordered to make what really was a flank march within reach of a foe at this moment all but concentrated. The 18th Corps was at once defeated; and then the Prince, by a masterly movement, combined with his supports on the left, fell on the French centre, the 15th Corps, and shattered it after a brave resistance. This stroke forced Chanzy, who up to this time had gained real, though slight advantages, to fall back with the 16th on the 17th Corps; and as the German commander followed up his success with characteristic energy and skill, the result was that the 15th Corps was all but ruined as a military force; that Orleans

and the entrenched camp were carried and that the Army of the Loire was rent in twain, the 18th and 20th Corps being driven across the river, while the 16th, 17th, and the wreck of the 15th were rallied by Chanzy on the northern bank. A succession, in short, of false movements had inflicted a ruinous defeat on France ; neither the defensive strategy of D'Aurelle, nor the bolder plans of his able lieutenant, had been given a chance of being carried out ; and it is a mere mistake to ascribe the issue to the quality alone of the French army. How badly Chanzy thought of Gambetta's projects we see from the following : " The generals did all that was in their power to explain the danger of these operations . . . but the general plan was treated as a positive order of the Government, and we only discussed the means of executing it."

After the defeat of D'Aurelle—he was cruelly dismissed for a failure not to be ascribed to him—the divided parts of the Army of the Loire were separated into two bodies, the First Army, given to Bourbaki, and the Second remaining under Chanzy. From this period we follow the career of Chanzy as a commander-in-chief ; and, as always happens with great men, he shone the more the higher he rose. His war-worn forces had been strengthened by the 21st Corps moved up from the west, and by a fl

from Tours ; and by the 6th of December he had placed the army between Marchenoir, Josnes, and Beaugency, having skilfully chosen a strong defensive line, with his flanks covered by a great forest and the Loire. He was forthwith attacked by Prince Frederick Charles, who, having entered Orleans on the 4th and 5th, turned against the enemy hanging on his flank, no doubt confident of easy success ; but his calculations were completely baffled. In a series of stern and sustained engagements, Chanzy for four whole days repelled his assailant, inflicting on him considerable loss ; and though the Prince was reinforced from Orleans by a detachment under the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh, he made no impression on his heroic enemy, until a demonstration from the Loire and Blois placed a German corps on the French rear. The terrible character of these battles may be estimated from this significant anecdote : " During the stern days of Josnes, a German officer of high rank who had been made prisoner, made no secret of the astonishment caused by the resistance of our young troops. He compared these battles on the plains of the Beauce to those of 1866, in which he had taken part, and acknowledged that these last seemed but child's play to the incessant and obstinate contest which the Germans were compelled to maintain, in order to reduce to submission a nation believed, after

its disasters, to have been at the end of its resources."

The tactics of Chanzy in these actions were fine specimens of military skill. He had, no doubt, the superiority in mere numbers, but his young and lately-defeated army was very inferior to the German legions. The strength of his well-chosen position enabled him to baffle the turning movements, so often successful with the German chiefs, and so formidable to immature troops; and he compelled the Prince to attack in front, where the defensive had a decided advantage. But like all generals who understand war, he avoided a mere passive defence—especially trying to French soldiers—and on every occasion that seemed favorable, he assumed a bold yet judicious offensive. An English correspondent in the German camp, with marked sympathies on the German side, wrote thus of this remarkable passage of arms: "The French have the choice of positions, and possess a general who knows how to occupy and hold a good one. The actions of the last four days have, no doubt, encouraged the French, for they have been so long unaccustomed to victory that they will become hopeful at not being beaten. They have been fighting altogether eight days out of ten; and troops of new formation, who can do this against veterans, and hold their own to the last, have a right to expect that fortune will

turn in their favor. The Germans, on the other hand, are stupefied by this extraordinary resistance."

Chanzy's skill was not more remarkable than his confidence and tenacious energy; his presence electrified his young levies, and from this moment he held absolute sway over the hearts of officers and men alike. Gambetta, too, who with all his faults appreciated talent and force of character, thenceforward gave him his whole confidence. The following is worthy of both men, each great, yet with a different kind of greatness: "We congratulate you on your firm attitude, and have but one wish—that you may succeed in breathing your spirit into those who surround you."

The astonishing efforts made by Chanzy once more disconcerted the strategists of Versailles. The great sortie from Paris had, no doubt, failed; but it had cost the Germans thousands of lives, and the proud city still defied its enemy. So, too, D'Aurelle had succumbed with Orleans; but a fresh army had arisen from the wreck, and it had found a chief who could make it accomplish feats that seemed impossible to professional soldiers. The position of the invaders became again perilous; and this telegram, from an English source at Berlin, shows what was thought at the Prussian War Office of the situation at this conjuncture: "The military posi-

tion of affairs is deemed critical in well-informed quarters. Uneasiness is felt as to the final issue of the contest."

The superiority of Chanzy will at once be evident, if we compare his conduct with that of Bourbaki. The First Army had not suffered more than the Second in the defeats round Orleans; it had not been molested in its retreat; and it had had some days to recruit its strength. Yet while Chanzy was making his heroic stand, exposed to the whole weight of his enemy's force, Bourbaki literally did nothing, and declared that he could not detach a man from his quarters at Bourges, to aid his colleague. This unpardonable remissness enabled the Germans to make the movement along the Loire which, as we said, endangered the flank of Chanzy, when it had been found impossible to break his front. From the following we see what his feelings were, and what doubtless he thought of the conduct of a man who, though an accomplished soldier, was utterly unfit for chief command:

"The movement which is possible, and indispensable to restore the situation of affairs, is this: whatever the risk, to march from Bourges to Vierzon; to press forward the main body of the First Army by Romorantin upon Blois; and to take a position between the Loire and the Cher, in order to interrupt the communications of the enemy between Orleans and his

troops near Tours, and to cut these last from their base of operations. If this be done, I promise that I will hold my own on the right bank of the Loire."

The hostile movement in Chanzy's flank compelled him to leave his position on the Loire. This retreat, however, was in no sense retiring before a victorious enemy; it was a purely strategic move, with important ulterior plans in view. The great object of the French Government was to direct a relieving force on Paris, already besieged for four months; and whether this project was best or not, Gambetta would hear of nothing else. Accordingly Chanzy resolved to ascend from the Loire, toward the capital, by the northwest; and for his immediate purpose drew off his army to the Loir, an affluent of the great river. His retreat across the plains of the Beauce might have been made perilous by a daring enemy; but it was conducted with remarkable skill; and the Germans were very much exhausted. By the 13th of December the French army was in position around Vendôme, having scarcely been molested on the way. Chanzy remarked with truth: "The retreat of the Second Army from Josnes to Vendôme, under the conditions of bad weather, fatigue, and dangers which attended it, was most honorable to the troops. It had sufficiently imposed on the enemy to

prevent him from disturbing it and availing himself of chances of destroying it, which might have presented themselves had he known how to seize them."

The object of the movement is thus described: "By its establishment on the Loire, the army threatened the flank of the enemy, if he descended from Orleans on Tours, without going far away from Chartres, in which place it was possible to move by Châteaudun remaining thus upon one of the chief lines which it would be necessary to follow, in order to begin again operations toward Paris, as soon as these should become possible." On the 15th, Chanzy was attacked again, Prince Frederick Charles having rightly judged that he was the foe to strike down at all cost. The French made a gallant resistance; but on the second day their right wing was turned, and shattered by an attack in flank. Chanzy decided on a retreat to Le Mans, a strong position upon the Huisne, and a strategic point of no little value, his object being still to attain Paris. He drew off his army without difficulty: "The Second Army had again effected a retreat as difficult as the preceding ones, and which was as honorable to it. The enemy, kept back on all points, had become less and less enterprising; it was easy to perceive that, no more than our own, were his troops able to resist their fatigues."

they were, besides, demoralized by the continuation of a struggle which they had thought ended, but which was perpetually being kept up."

The invaders, in fact, had immensely suffered; and needed rest as much as their foes. The following from Gambetta is overdrawn, but it was an exaggeration only of truth: "You have decimated the men of Mecklenburgh; the Bavarians have ceased to exist; the German army is already disquieted and worn out. Let us persist and we shall drive these hordes empty-handed out of France."

Having been reinforced by a Breton detachment, Chanzy reached Le Mans on the 20th of December. During three weeks of incessant fighting he had held the main German army at bay; he had baffled completely its most brilliant chief; he was nearer Paris, his real objective, than when he had assumed the command on the Loire. A great general only could have done these things; and he still held the capital steadily in view. "It was now within the power of the Second Army, if it were ready for the field, and had not too strong an enemy in its front, to ascend the Huisne rapidly, as if to menace Chartres—this place was held in force by the Germans,—and then, having masked the town, to move northward to throw its left upon the Seine, on the line of Mantes, in order

to assist a flotilla charged to revictual Paris, to threaten Versailles, and to make a combined effort with the defenders of the capital to break through the investment."

Chanzy had soon established his army on the Huisne, throwing out posts to the Braye and the Loire. Meanwhile Prince Frederick Charles had fallen back, holding a long line from Chartres to Orleans, his worn-out troops being in sore distress. A pause in the contest now occurred; and the belligerents on either side prepared to repair their forces, and to renew the struggle. A glance at the situation shows that if Germany was still, on the whole, successful, the position of France was very far from hopeless. The invaders, no doubt, still invested Paris; they had hitherto been able to defeat or keep back the vast armed masses directed against them, with untiring energy, from many points; and they had the advantages of a central position, of interior lines on the whole theatre, of a master of war in supreme command, and of troops very superior to their foes. Nevertheless, imposing as seemed their attitude, they were exposed to peril of no ordinary kind, for they were thrown for leagues around a huge fortress, liable to fierce attacks from within and without; they were plunged in the depths of a hostile country, a whole nation rising in arms against them; and at this

moment they were outnumbered in the field, since 300,000 men were required to hold Paris and the communications with the Rhine; there were probably not 150,000 available for operations elsewhere; and their chiefs had been compelled to send for large reinforcements still far distant. On the other hand, Paris was still able to resist, and had a powerful army within its walls; Faidherbe in the north had become menacing; Bourbaki on the Loire was giving signs of life; Chanzy in the west was at the head of forces which every effort had failed to subdue; and it was not impossible that 300,000 men might be directed to the relief of the capital, where a single victory might accomplish wonders. How Chanzy perceived the true state of affairs appears in a long despatch to Gambetta, which proves that he was no mean strategist. We have space only for a few sentences: "The resistance of Paris has a limit known to you; the time is pressing; and the great effort we must make can only succeed if all our forces co-operate skilfully according to a carefully-arranged plan. . . . With the advantages he possesses the enemy evidently tries to attack successively, and in force, each of our armies; he manœuvres with great ability, and we are not well informed as to his principal movements, which he masks with remarkable skill."

The following was the plan proposed by Chanzy for the relief of the capital. It may be left with confidence to judges of war: "It is indispensable that the First and the Second Armies and that under the command of General Faidherbe, should march simultaneously; the Second from Le Mans to establish itself on the Eure between the Evreux and Chartres; the First from Châtillon-sur-Seine in order to hold positions between the Marne and Seine, from Naquet to Château Thierry; the Army of the North from Arras to place itself from Compiègne to Beauvais. In addition to these three main operations, and to aid them, the divisions from Cherbourg would advance and cover the left of the Second Army. . . . Once our three principal armies shall have attained these positions, we must communicate with Paris and combine our efforts to reach the common objective, the Army of Paris making at the same time vigorous sorties. . . . By these means the enemy may be driven from his lines; and then renewed efforts by the united armies, without and within Paris, may lead to the deliverance of France from the invaders."

Conjecture is useless whether this plan would have been attended with success or not. Von Moltke, moving on shorter lines, might perhaps have maintained his grasp on the capital, and driven the armies of relief back; or he might at

some point have been defeated, with consequences, in that event, momentous. What can, however, be fairly said is, that Paris being the main objective, the plan of Chanzy was admirably laid: it contemplated a great concentric movement against the forces covering the siege, especially aiming at Prince Frederick Charles; and it had the special merit of securing a retreat on every line in the event of defeat. In an ill-omened hour, however, for France, Gambetta rejected this judicious scheme, and adopted the fatal and wild project of detaching the First Army far to the east, in order to raise the siege of Belfort, and to reach the German communications with the Rhine. This movement, even in theory, false, and, in existing circumstances, as foolish as that which ended in the ruin of Sedan, was opposed by Chanzy, in an able paper; but his protests might have been more vehement; and he might have recollected how the youthful Bonaparte had refused to attempt an operation of the kind, which would have marred the immortal campaign of Italy. Yet we must not forget that, on two occasions, before Orleans, and at Le Mans, Chanzy gave counsels which, if followed, might have made the issue of the war different; and he had not the authority nor, we must add, the unscrupulousness of the warrior of 1796. He wrote thus to Gambetta: "I wished to make a last effort

to prevent this operation. I insisted for the adoption and execution of the plan I had proposed."

The eccentric movement which sent off Bourbaki to destruction amidst the snows of the Jura, freed Prince Frederick Charles from an enemy on his flank, and enabled him to turn his whole forces against the one chief he had found invincible. Drawing together his army and that of the Grand Duke—they had received considerable additional strength—the German commanders, in the first week of January, began to move toward Le Mans and the Huisne, approaching each other from Chartres and Orleans. The advanced posts of Chanzy were gradually driven in, though not without a tenacious resistance; but his trust was in his positions on the Huisne, which he had strengthened with remarkable skill, and he fell back on them with unabated confidence. He had still, perhaps, 90,000 men against 60,000 or 70,000 Germans; but, as his troops were not to be compared to their foes, he was very inferior in real force. The attack began on the 10th of January, but the decisive effort was made next day; and the Prince struck home with his full strength. The defence, however, was stern and sustained; the tenacity of Chanzy and his strong positions made up for the defects of his soldiers; and after ten hours of desperate

ing the French were still in possession of their lines. Chanzy thus described the results of the battle: had he been in the place of the sluggish Bazaine, how different might have been the fate of Gravelotte!—"The action continued along the whole line up to six o'clock. The night had arrived; we had remained masters of all our positions, both on the plateau of Auvours and on the right bank of the Huisne. The only serious check we had sustained was the evacuation of Auvours for a moment, but this had been brilliantly and quickly repaired by the fine conduct of General Goujard at the head of a part of his Breton division, and of the troops of the 17th Corps which he had rallied. The enemy had made great efforts against the whole front of our lines from the Tertre Rouge to the left of the 21st Corps. If our losses had been serious, his had been even more considerable, owing to the advantage of our positions and the preparations we had made for defence."

A sudden attack, made after nightfall, unexpectedly by a German corps, discomfited, however, the Breton levies, and placed a hostile force upon Chanzy's flank. Scenes of confusion and panic followed too characteristic of a raw army; an effort to drive the enemy away failed; and Chanzy, in order to avoid a disaster, was compelled to make a general retreat. The movement, however, was no rout; the Germans,

in fact, were, for several hours, unaware of the real state of affairs, and of the great success they had gained ; and though part of the French army disbanded, and several thousand prisoners were made, it was in tolerable order within two days. By the 20th, having been scarcely pursued, so heavy had been the loss of the Germans, Chanzy was once more in a good position, around Laval and upon the Mayenne ; and having been joined by a new corps, he was still formidable and with unbroken force. Calm, stern, and self-possessed as ever, he still looked forward to a march on Paris : " This army, which might have been supposed ruined, thus appeared once more, in renewed strength, ready to advance with four corps, numbering about 150,000 infantry, 6,000 cavalry, and 54 batteries of artillery without reckoning the Breton mobiles, who were being organized, and who when drilled would swell our forces in the west to 235,000 men. . . . Our course, therefore, was to make as quickly as possible good use of this force, and to march to the relief of Paris."

The fall of Paris on the 28th of January, and the catastrophe of Bourbaki's army, prevented Chanzy from attempting this march. During the armistice that ensued he was invited to present a scheme of operations to the French Government in the event of a renewal of war. We shall quote a few passages from his masterly

despatch, the whole of which should, however, be studied. Without concealing the perils of France, Chanzy showed with truth that she had still great resources: "We had immediately available, 222,000 infantry, 20,000 cavalry, 33,900 artillery-men, 1,332 field-pieces with 242 rounds for each piece, and 4,000 wagons for parks; and, as resources to be organized, 354,000 men in the territorial divisions and in the depots of Algeria, 132,000 recruits of the class of 1871, 443 guns, mounted, though without horses, 398,000 projectiles, 1,200 wagons in our arsenals, and 12,000 horses which could be delivered within six weeks. . . . Finally, we possessed a country with a population of twenty-five millions of souls on which the invader had not set foot."

A universal and fierce resistance, like that which Spain opposed to Napoleon, which, avoiding general engagements in the field, should compel the Germans to divide their forces, and to maintain armies at many points, and should aim at wearying them out at last, was obviously the true course to follow: "The troops at our disposal, we must not forget, have not, as yet, either sufficient organization or coherence, and are not sufficiently trained to war, to form armies capable of manœuvring, and fighting persistently against those which the enemy can array in at least equal numbers. We must

therefore avoid battles which might become decisive. The object to aim at, is to make resistance national, and continuous at all points, and thus to force the enemy to disseminate his troops, to compel Germany to maintain in France an army of at least 500,000 men, and to subject her to losses which at last will tire her out. So we can await the time when, with organized forces, we shall be equal to a great effort, and shall be able, under less unfavorable conditions, to expel the enemy from the country."

A guerilla warfare of this kind, however, required a real army in the field to maintain a solid and lasting defensive, and continually to hold the army in check. For this purpose Chanzy proposed to move the Second Army to the south of the Loire, and thus to make head against the invaders. The ability with which he marked out the lines of defence for this supreme contest, and the stern confidence with which he declared that he would carry the war to the last man of France, without doubt of the final issue, if the nation was worthy of its old renown, reminds us of Wellington at Torres Vedras: "Our organized armies, established on strong positions prepared for defence, could thus resist as long as possible, yielding ground when forced to do so, but only retreating upon new positions chosen beforehand, and so obtaining

the result which we must aim at, the prolongation of the contest. This resistance could be carried in parts of the country, in succession, which would present increasing difficulties to the enemy, especially in Auvergne, and so we should acquire solidity and strength, for we should gain time to organize and maintain our resources."

Recollecting what Chanzy had accomplished, who shall say that this project was chimerical, had this great soldier been in supreme command? Chanzy believed that ultimate success was probable; and after the war declared that France had fallen from want of reliance on herself: "We found, even in our improvised soldiers, the great military qualities which are the inalienable heritage of our race; and the principal cause of our final overthrow was a want of confidence in ourselves."

Chanzy, however, added these words of caution against that mischievous popular fallacy, that a nation may trust for its defence on armies formed of young levies: "Yet let us not suppose that improvised armies are a sufficient security in the great crises of war which may again happen. The events in which we have taken part demonstrate beyond question, that a nation can only be sure of its independence, and really strong, when its military organization is carefully matured, complete, and powerful."

As is well known, this eminent man had not an opportunity to carry out his projects, for the war ended with the Fall of Paris. France, however, appreciated his great deeds; she felt that he had redeemed her honor; and he received the thanks of the Assembly at Versailles. Chanzy held afterward high command; he showed great capacity of organization, and of preparing the new army of France; and had war with Germany broken out again, he would certainly have been commander-in-chief. He was esteemed, too, by his late enemy; was received at Berlin with extreme courtesy; and Moltke has placed this opinion on record, that his "reiterated efforts surpassed belief." He has passed away, and it was not given him to attempt to avenge the disasters of France, and to bring victory back to her standards. The vulgar opinion may be that success is necessary to make a general great; but this is not the judgment of true critics; and Chanzy will rank among captains, like William of Orange, Villars, and Washington—men who never won a great pitched battle, yet whose martial qualities and heroic constancy, conspicuously shown in adverse fortune, entitled them to the admiration of mankind.

THE END.



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